

THE
HIDDEN LIFE EXEMPLIFIED
IN THE
EARLY CONVERSION, PIous LIFE, AND
PEACEFUL DEATH
OF
MRS. FLORILLA A. CUMMINGS.
BY HER HUSBAND.

“Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”—ST. PAUL.

EDITED BY THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D.



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Introductory Note.

THE reader of the following work will find it an interesting and edifying biography—a valuable addition to this department of religious literature. The author—the Rev. A. W. Cummings, D. D., now President of Holston Female College, Asheville, N. C.—appreciates too highly the real excellences of his sainted wife to allow of any thing like fulsome eulogy, which so frequently disfigures the memorials of friendship and affection. It is believed that nothing of this sort, offensive to good taste, will be found in these pages.

Mrs. Cummings was truly an excellent Christian lady, and we hope the beautiful traits of her character, brought to view in this volume, will elicit imitation on the part of all—and especially those of her own sex—who may give it a perusal.

The Editor.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 18, 1856.

Preface.

AFTER the burial of my dear wife, a few friends returned with me to my desolate dwelling to spend the night. During the evening a portfolio and several small blank books were taken from Mrs. Cummings's drawer, and were found to contain a diary, which extended back through seven years. In its perusal several hours were spent by the company. The unanimous voice was, it must be published. I felt that it was too rich to be lost. I looked around among my friends, to find some one to whom I could entrust her papers; and if such friend approved the undertaking, to induce him or her to prepare a brief memoir. All to whom I applied approved the design, but urged, that I was most favorably situated to do justice to the subject. A number of judicious friends, both at home and abroad, urged me to the undertaking. I well understood the delicacy of the task, and the difficulty of finding time for its execution. As far as that was possible, I have divested myself of partiality, and have honestly endeavored

to give the reader an ungarnished view of the character of my late dear wife. If any think the picture overdrawn, they must remember who was the artist. To the lovers of holiness I trust this little volume will not be uninteresting. I hope that young ladies at school, and in other relations, will find much in the character delineated to admire and imitate.

The style of the memoir is entirely unpretending. In its simplicity I have had before me the life of the subject of the narrative. The critic will find many defects. The work has been prepared at odd minutes, snatched from a constant pressure of cares and labors. I did hope for time to rewrite; but for the last two years the charge of large female colleges, first at Rogersville, Tennessee, and now at Ashville, North Carolina, has convinced me that my little volume must go to press from the first draft, or not soon see the light. During term-time, my hands have been full; and upon my vacations there have been other demands. Very few pages have been rewritten. Such as it is, I commit it to the hands of the pious, praying that God may make it a blessing.

HOLSTON CONFERENCE FEMALE COLLEGE,
May 21st, 1856.

Hidden Life Exemplified.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Pioneer life—Quiet neighborhood—Early associates—Mary Seys—Children's prayer-meeting—Conviction of sin—Happy death of a class-mate—Conversion—Reflections—Depravity—Parental influence.

As yet in this untainted breast
 No baneful passion burned,
Ambition had not banished rest,
 Nor hope had earthward turned:
Proud reason still in shadow lay,
 And in my firmament alone,
Forerunner of the day,
 The dazzling star of wonder shone,
By whose enchanting ray,
 Creation opened on my earliest view,
And all was beautiful, for all was new.

MONTGOMERY.

FLORILLA ALEXANDER was born in the town of De Kalb, county of St. Lawrence, state of New York, July 19th, 1824. Her father, Seth Alexander, one of the very first settlers in that township, was a native of Winchester, New Hampshire. His father was taken from him by

death before he was old enough to estimate or even feel his loss. His mother, who a few years after was married to Mr. John Follett, attained the age of eighty-nine years. She was a strict Congregationalist, a Calvinist of the moderate school, a pious woman, who spared no effort to impress upon the minds of her children the fear of the Lord, and the obligations of a pious life.

When Seth reached majority, he and his brother Elias, two years his senior, determined to leave their native granite hills and make for themselves, in a still newer state, a future home. They gathered up their earthly all, consisting of a few articles of homespun clothing, an axe, and a few dollars in money, and set out on foot for northern New York. They inherited from their parents, as their only earthly estate, firm health, good moral principles, industrious habits, and self-reliance. With these and their mother's blessing, they embarked on the sea of active life.

After a toilsome journey in exploring the country for a few weeks, they selected De Kalb as their future home, where in old age they still reside. They purchased a large, and for that country, a good tract of land, at a low rate, upon a long credit. Upon this they erected a rude log cabin, and commenced the heavy task of fell-

ing the giant hemlocks, elms, and other kings of the forests, and preparing for a crop. The dwellers in that now populous region, with its schools, churches, mills, stores, mechanic-shops, fine plank roads, and connected by railroads with all other parts of the land, know nothing of the difficulties with which the early inhabitants struggled. The nearest stores and blacksmith-shops were eighteen miles off. After a little corn was grown, to prepare it for food, it was boiled soft in ley, beaten soft in a mortar, or carried on the shoulder eighteen miles to the St. Lawrence River, conveyed across that mighty stream in a frail canoe, and thence to the nearest mill in Canada, to be ground. These were some of the trials endured by the settlers of northern New York. But industry and perseverance could soon surmount such difficulties. A few years later, and the cabin had given place to the commodious frame-house ; roads were opened to the neighboring settlements ; mills and stores were located not far distant ; and so many comforts had been accumulated, that marriage was contemplated as a means of increased happiness.

Elias, the elder brother, was married five years after they came to the country. Up to this time

they had performed the whole round of cooking, washing, sweeping, scouring, sewing, and mending; or rather they had accustomed themselves to dispense, for the most part, with these fashionable redundancies of sober life. Five years later, namely, in the year 1813, Miss Olive Spencer, a native of Hampton, Conn., came with her brother, Dr. John Spencer, into the country, for the purpose of teaching: between her and Seth, the younger brother, an intimacy soon sprang up, which resulted in their marriage early in the next year. Mrs. Alexander had every qualification, save one, to render her just what every wife and mother should be. She was a woman of great energy, of a mild disposition, even temper, a generous heart, a well-balanced, and for her day, a well-cultivated mind. Her lack was experimental religion. This deficiency she deplored; and soon, with her husband, she became an earnest seeker of salvation, and both of them became members of the Methodist Church, whose pioneer ministers had penetrated into that wilderness country almost as soon as the settler.

Florilla, the subject of this memoir, was their fourth child. Examples of piety had been before her from her earliest infancy. Her parents

were devoted Christians, and their house the home of the ministers of the gospel who traversed that new country. The incense of praise and prayer, from consecrated hearts, arose morning and night from the domestic altar, around which parents and children twice daily bowed in supplication to the great Author of life and its blessings. The language of prayer was as familiar to her as the names of her dearest friends. She could not remember when she did not employ prayer morning and night. Her early associates were mostly the children of pious parents, and those parents in the community who were not religious were so much under the influence of piety and the proprieties of good neighborhood, that they restrained their children from vice.

The retired, quiet place of her nativity has always been distinguished for the industry, frugality, virtue, temperance, and thrift of the inhabitants. If now, in any degree, gambling, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, profanity, and licentiousness are found there, they are exotics—none of these are indigenous to the soil. The early inhabitants were noble specimens of the opposite qualities. There were then but few temptations to vice. They had no billiard or dancing

rooms, no drinking or gambling saloons to raise recruits for the Devil, no resorts of dissipation and idleness; and none could engage in these pursuits and retain his standing in that community. Religious privileges were not great, but the few enjoyed were highly prized and faithfully improved. The visits of the heralds of the cross were necessarily infrequent, but on whatever day they came they never preached to unoccupied seats. Love of wealth, that blight of the soul, had not then seized the people of that community. Scheming and speculating were not substituted for industry. Fraud and overreaching were not parts of the plans of business or means of accumulating the blessings of life, or of serving God and their generation. The axiom that the end justifies the means, had not been received by the people of that rural district. Those honest, hard-handed, kind-hearted farmers thought that right objects must be sought in the use of right means. They had discovered

“ That labor is riches and labor is health,
And labor is duty on earth ;
And never was honor, or wisdom, or wealth,
But labor had been at its birth !
The rich in his father, his friend, or himself,
By head or by hand must have toiled ;
And the brow that is canopied over with pelf,
By labor’s own sweat has been soiled.”

It is possible for the children of such parents to grow up in vice, but it is highly improbable. They are almost certain to be virtuous and religiously inclined—such at least were the companions of the early days of Florilla Alexander. Of the fashionable sins of youth in large towns and cities she was nearly as ignorant as though dancing, gaming, and flirting had never corrupted human hearts. She was very early the subject of deep religious impressions.

During the years 1831 and 1832, the Rev. John Seys, afterward the superintendent of the Methodist missions in Liberia, Western Africa, travelled the circuit embracing her home. During most of these two years he resided with his family in the Alexander neighborhood. Happy for the people of that town, the children of this devoted itinerant had been brought up according to Solomon's rule, and in after years they exemplified its truth: they were models of obedience to parents, kindness to associates, and also of piety. Mary Seys, the eldest daughter of the preacher, was a remarkable little girl. She had seen more of life than the other children, and was at once a leading spirit in the school. All yielded to her the first position in all their juvenile enterprises, and never was influence turned

to better account. At the mid-day recess she would collect the little girls into some retired fence-corner, or other secret place, to sing and pray. These happy children did not, in imitation of their parents, hold a weekly prayer-meeting, but a great protracted meeting, which, like Paul's at Ephesus, continued two years. These simple exercises, conducted by little Mary Seys, God was pleased to bless to the awakening of at least one of the children. Florilla Alexander, then about seven years of age, became the subject of awakening grace. She commenced at that time to use extempore prayer, adapting, in childhood's simple language, her petitions to her condition as a lost but redeemed sinner. The habit of devotion formed at that early period was never laid aside, even for a day, until prayer was exchanged for praise.

Mary Seys went early to her rest. An angel from her infancy, she was permitted to close her earthly labors early, to engage in the higher employments of heaven. Probably neither she nor her parents nor any one else ever knew how great a work God sent her to De Kalb to perform—her work outlives her. When the Master shall summon into his presence his servants to reward them for their faithful labors in De Kalb, with

Josiah Keyes, Isaac Puffer, H. Van Order, and others, already entered into rest, will stand little Mary to receive a crown set with jewels, the spirits of those little girls blest by her example and labors. O that all the daughters of our travelling ministers were what Mary Seys was !

Florilla commenced attending Sabbath-school at four years of age, and probably attended the first Sabbath-school that was formed in her father's neighborhood. Here her views of religious duty were enlarged and strengthened, under the guidance of her teacher, who was her sister Mary, the late Mrs. Dr. Wentworth, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn. When about ten years of age, an incident occurred which seemed to be the immediate means of leading to her conversion.

In the neighborhood lived a little girl, her senior by about one year, an intimate companion, a playmate at school, and a member of the same class in the Sabbath-school. Her parents were not pious, but, under the influence of Mary Seys and her Sabbath-school teacher and others, she was led to the Saviour. Soon after, this little girl, and now young Christian, was taken ill. She lingered a few weeks, exemplifying that patience and resignation which Christianity alone gives,

and the power of living faith, even in a child, to triumph over the fear of death, and the gloomy prospect of lying in the dark, silent grave—thoughts, of all others, the most chilling and sad to childhood's gay dreams. She departed in great triumph. Peace would not express the fact—it was the triumph of the victor. For that little girl was victorious over the great enemy, the giant king of terrors.

On her death-bed she was visited by many of her juvenile companions, among them Florilla Alexander. She witnessed in her dying playmate that peace of mind which for four years she had been daily seeking. She sometimes almost despaired of God's pardoning grace, and while she stood and gazed into the narrow house where were deposited the remains of her companion, the words of the poet came to her mind and filled her with agonizing solicitude:

“Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be?
Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?”

As she left the grave and joined the procession to return home, more sad by her own condition

than were the bereaved by their great loss, she resolved never to rest until in possession of that grace which had enabled her classmate and companion to die so happily. The struggle of her spirit at times became so intense as to depict itself on her features, and cast a gloom over her life. The ever-watchful eye of her parents, experienced in the emotions of the soul weighed down by the burden of sin and guilt, read the feelings of their little daughter, and endeavored to point her to the only remedy, and in earnest prayer presented her before the throne of heavenly mercy. She often sought a place of retirement to call upon God.

About a week after the burial of her friend, her father met her as she came from her accustomed place of prayer. He at once recognized the change and rejoiced over her, not only as a most amiable daughter, but as a child of God. The gloom which, as a dense cloud, had rested upon her for a number of days, was dispersed, and her face was lit up with such a smile of heavenly radiance, as none can conceive of, except those who have seen her in those moments of religious joy, which she often experienced. The blessed Saviour who said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the

kingdom of heaven," had met her, and dispelled her fears, by whispering to her spirit, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." She was "filled with joy and peace, in believing" in Jesus.

From that to the last hour of her stay on earth she manifested to all who knew her a heavenly-mindedness, a constancy of devotion, which showed how thoroughly she was endued with the spirit and purity of the religion of Christ. She was indeed "dead, and her life was hid with Christ in God." She early attained much maturity in Christian experience. Those who enjoyed the best opportunities for observing her were unable to censure her conduct in any thing, great or small. There was such studied carefulness in regard to every word uttered or act performed, as to impress all conversant with her, that she was habitually impressed with a sense of the all-pervading presence of God, and of her own responsibilities.

While thus so circumspect as to be almost faultless in the estimation of others, the Holy Spirit, true to himself and his office, was revealing to her the inbred corruptions of her heart, and leading her onward to higher attainments of Divine favor and to greater depths of humble love.

She was, even at this early period, so convinced

of the greatness of the blessings which God through grace was willing to bestow upon her, that she felt that she enjoyed but little, and perhaps sometimes doubted her being in possession of the Divine favor. In relation to this period she says: "O how much watchfulness and prayer, united with religious knowledge and experience, are necessary to preserve the youthful mind from doubt, and to sustain the spirit's life. Sometimes I was so nearly destitute of spiritual comfort, as to live in a painful uncertainty as to my religious state. The secret place often witnessed the struggles of my soul with tears and prayers for the abiding testimony within, that I was an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ to an inheritance in heaven."

Thus early in the life of this pious person may we learn several important lessons. Here is evidence of the deep depravity of human nature. From the earliest years of lisping infancy had this child, in the best manner that she knew how, followed the impulses of duty and led a life of devotion; and in regard to the outward commandments she might have said, "All these have I kept from my youth up." Yet the first dawnings of spiritual light revealed to her a heart at enmity with God and full of evil. She saw that

she needed renewing grace. Here is one point of instruction. The influence of correct parental discipline is seen in her case and in that of her associates. The itinerant ministry is generally thought to be unfavorable to the proper bringing up of children; and it is lamentably true, that many children of ministers are far from being safe companions for others. It was very different with Mr. Seys's children. They were well controlled, and by a firm yet a kind hand they were led to the Saviour, and they were rendered a blessing. Others have been equally successful in training and bringing up their children in the way in which they should go. The Book of inspiration is the best guide in the management of children. Second to that are the directions of the distinguished mother of John Wesley, who estimates fully the influence of early training, and the habits formed in infancy, upon the subsequent life of the child. There is sound philosophy in the line—"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

In most cases childhood stamps the character for after years, and is a mirror which reflects the entire future. Look the world over, and you find that the renowned of history gave early indications of those traits which, developed by years,

stamped them with immortality. Time often modifies, but rarely eradicates the principles of childhood and youth. The first and most distinguished Governor-General of British India, when a poor orphan not over eight years of age, as he played on the banks of a rivulet which flowed through the estate that once belonged to the rich aristocratic family from which he descended, but which was now almost extinct, formed plans of life which he never abandoned until consummated in old age. While a charity student at Newington, or clerk in the office of the East India Company, or when under a tropical sun he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, amidst the harassing cares of war, finance, and legislation, the plans of life formed in early childhood were still the motives that prompted him and the hopes that animated him. Washington, Wesley, Luther, and many others, may be referred to as examples of the same principle. The far-seeing Wesley remarked, that the child who played in childhood would do so in manhood; hence his system of education allowed no time for play. He sought to impress every child with the value of time and importance of industry. What parents would have their children when they reach adult age, they must make them in youth.

CHAPTER II.

Great revival—New church—Conversion of a sister—She was greatly revived—Sickness of her mother—Death—Great responsibilities—Marriage of a sister—Devotion to her father—His constant companion—Always takes part in the prayer-meeting—Her mother's wishes in regard to education—Release from domestic cares—Early education—Father's remembrance of her—He longs to visit her grave.

O Thou, whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lips each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove:
O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive? who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee?
None but a mother, none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye for me has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

THE spring of 1839 is memorable at De Kalb, in consequence of a gracious revival of religion in the Methodist church there, at that time under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Moore. For many long years, the moral soil had been as sterile as the natural in that town of rocks and limestone hills. From the first introduction of public worship there, a private dwelling, a barn,

grove, or school-house, had been the place of meeting for public worship. The subject of erecting a church edifice had long been discussed, but for various reasons from time to time deferred. The people now determined to execute their long-cherished plan. No family took a more lively interest in the work than that of the subject of this memoir. Her father was among the largest contributors and most active managers for the new church. By patient industry for many years, with God's blessing, he had accumulated, for that region, a good property. This with himself and family had been consecrated to God and his cause. In this, as in every case where tested, it was found that "he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully."

The church was no sooner completed and dedicated to God, than he was pleased to signify his acceptance of the offering and to inscribe upon the edifice his name, as, "The Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." It was made the abode of the great Shechinah, and the Most High filled its courts with his glorious presence. Much precious seed had been sown in that community, during pre-

ceding years, by the faithful servants of God, and the harvest was now at hand. The dedicatory services were attended by a very gracious influence, and soon the altar of the new church was thronged with penitents. The exercises were protracted for several days and nights. A large number of the youth gave good evidence of conversion, some of whom still continue the race heavenward, while others, alas! as is too common, retraced their steps to the world and to the service of the devil.

Among the converts and yet faithful, was the youngest sister of Florilla, she being the youngest of the family, and the others all being members of the church. To the parents this was an occasion of great joy. It was not less so to Miss Florilla. She was greatly revived and encouraged by seeing so many of her friends consecrating themselves to God.

She experienced pardoning grace in the retirement of a small storehouse or granary in her father's yard, when quite alone. This was the first season of revival that she had enjoyed since her conversion, and she improved it to seek for a renewal of God's grace in her heart, and especially to obtain so clear a witness of her union with the Saviour by an active faith as to exclude

all doubt. The long-looked for baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon her, as Jacob-like she wrestled with the Angel of the covenant in mighty prayer. Every cloud was dispersed. She was "filled with all the fulness of God."

From that period she became one of the most devoted and zealous Christians of her age, known in all that country. In her own neighborhood she was regarded as a model of all that was good and lovely in one of her age. Remarkably reserved, and even timid, it was astonishing to hear her with such appropriate language, and power of faith, lead in the devotions of the house of the Lord. Seldom did the people of God assemble for social worship in her neighborhood, but, in compliance with the request of the pastor, her voice was heard.

It was about this time that the writer first met this pious young lady. He was allowed the privilege of sharing to some extent in the labors and blessings of this revival season. Her unobtrusive zeal in the work of God did not escape his notice, though at that time he did not and could not foresee the relations which in after years should exist between her and himself.

She was in subsequent years accustomed to look back to this season with great delight, and

to regard it as an especial preparation for an event which was then impending, and which soon fell with crushing weight upon her family. Her mother, until then of a vigorous constitution and firm health, was beginning to decline. For some months, so insidious was the approach of the destroyer, no serious apprehensions were indulged, either by herself or her friends, as to the result of what all regarded as but a temporary illness. But months passed swiftly away without bringing the wished-for improvement. Indeed, fears of the most alarming nature could no longer be suppressed. They were reluctant to believe that the great destroyer, which upon the inhabitants of all northern climates, especially upon northern mothers, sisters, and daughters, annually commits more fearful depredations than all other diseases combined, had marked her as his victim. Physicians near and remote, reputed skilful in pulmonary diseases, were consulted. At times hope revived. She believed herself improving, and all her friends endeavored to believe the same. Time rapidly developed the disease and dissipated all illusions, disclosing the awful truth that wasting consumption had marked her for the grave. O, how the youthful daughters were startled by the announcement that their devoted

mother, yet in the meridian of life, was wasting away by a malady that blights all hope and baffles all skill! From day to day they watched the changes in her countenance and almost imperceptibly declining strength: a deep hollow cough, profuse night perspiration, with copious expectoration, gave them fearful foreboding of the approaching calamity. And yet they with others still hoped that she might be spared. Their hopes were but occasional, and were the results of the capricious tricks of the destroyer, who sometimes appears to relax his grasp and encourages his victim to attempt escape, but to seize it again with firmer hold. Tears and prayers, with the most vigilant attentions, were constantly employed by children and friends. The tyrant whose ravages desolate so many homes was not to be propitiated. On the 17th day of September, she fell asleep in Jesus. To an affectionate husband and devoted children, and especially to the young daughters, Florilla and Caroline, respectively fifteen and thirteen years of age, this was no common loss.

Mrs. Alexander possessed in rare combination those exalted virtues which secure the love of all, and which caused a whole community, as well as her own family, to mourn her, to human view,

premature departure. She was the devoted wife, the affectionate mother, the kind neighbor, and the faithful Christian. The weak found in her support, the suffering poor a benefactress, the afflicted a sympathizing friend, the Christian a sister beloved for her own and for the Master's sake. In the circumstances of her death, her friends had uncommon consolations. Disease had not in the least impaired her vigor of intellect. If changed in any respect, her mind was excited to greater activity and rendered more discriminating. Her children were all grown, except Florilla and Caroline. Their condition, then at the most critical period of life, seemed at times to depress her feeling and stagger her faith in the goodness and mercy of God. Before her departure, in answer to her earnest supplications, she gained a signal victory over all her anxieties and fears. The last few days of her earthly stay were very triumphant. At times her countenance beamed as with a divine effulgence, and her language approached the eloquence of inspiration. She seemed more a heavenly than an earthly being. To her husband and to each of her children she had a last and an especial communication to make. Many others shared her counsels and prayers. This was an occasion not to be for-

gotten by any who witnessed it. Florilla loved to revive the sad yet joyous scene, and to repeat the dying expressions of her sainted mother.

At the time she was very ill, and to her friends her recovery seemed very doubtful. In a letter received since her own death, her father, in reference to the occasion before described, says, "Dear Florilla was at the time very sick, and enduring great suffering, but she was so patient, that, in our great affliction, we nearly forgot her. Once before we had seen her at the very point of death, as we supposed, but the Lord raised her up, to be a great comfort to us all."

Among her papers is found a reference to this period. She anticipated a speedy reunion with her dear mother in paradise, and contemplated the prospect with delight. After dwelling upon her great deprivation by the death of her mother, she says,—"My health at the time was very poor, and I thought that soon I too should be gone from these scenes of earthly sorrow. By the death of one of the best of mothers, I felt that I had one the less tie to earth, but one more to heaven. To live longer if I could thereby glorify God I was willing, but to depart I knew was better, for then I should be with Christ. Providence saw that my work on earth was not

done: to perform it God was pleased to detain me here and to impart to me strength."

A few weeks prior to the death of her mother, her eldest sister was married to the Rev. Erastus Wentworth, A. M., then an associate Professor with the writer in Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. This devolved upon Florilla great responsibilities. As she was the eldest daughter at home, the superintendence of her father's household fell upon her. Often has the writer heard her venerable father refer to the judicious conduct of his daughter Florilla at that trying time. For two years, aided by her younger sister, with a dignity that would have been praiseworthy in a person much more experienced, she presided over the affairs of her father's family. Her dying mother had whispered in her ear, "Be kind to your father." The caution to one so thoughtful and sedate was not necessary, but it was received as a charge from the spirit-land, and most studiously observed.

As soon as she recovered from her illness, she became the constant companion of her aged father. The weather was never so severe as to prevent her accompanying him to church and to the Thursday night prayer-meeting. He had long served the church as a class-leader: in this

relation it was indispensable for him to attend this meeting, and in the absence of the pastor to conduct the exercises. When the weather was inclement, the snow deep, or the roads muddy, some of the family would occasionally advise her not to go: her invariable reply was, "I can go if father does." Scores of times did she light her lantern, on dark, rainy nights, and accompany her venerable father three-fourths of a mile to the church to attend these religious meetings, when healthy men would be deterred by the severity of the weather. In this matter she was not prompted alone by considerations of filial duty. This would have been a sufficient motive, but she regarded the prayer and class-meetings as great helps to her spiritual progress, and she felt that the obligations she had incurred in joining a Church which required her "To continue to evidence her desire of salvation, by doing good of every possible sort, by running with patience the race that was set before her, by denying herself and taking up the cross daily, and especially by attending all the ordinances of God," not less than her own necessities, required her presence. She was not on these occasions an idle spectator or a mere listener, but, in compliance with the custom of the church, she took

an active part in the exercises. She spoke and prayed as often as any other member of the church, and many were edified and profited thereby.

Mrs. Alexander received, for her times, a good education, and she was very desirous that all her children should be educated to the full extent of their opportunities and of their father's means. Before her death, she requested her husband to send his daughters, Florilla and Caroline, from home to a school which would afford them the best facilities for literary and religious improvement. His peculiar circumstances for a time prevented him from complying with her request or his own wishes. These young daughters were his sole reliance in managing the in-door affairs of his family. This delay was less to be regretted, as it gave them an opportunity of acquiring what no lady can be destitute of and be fitted for her providential allotment in life, as wife and mother, a knowledge of domestic duties; and they were both still at an age that rendered haste in entering upon the more abstruse and difficult subjects of study unnecessary.

The marriage of their eldest brother in the autumn of 1840, who continued to reside with his father, seemed to afford them a providential

release from the pressure of care, which they had cheerfully sustained for nearly two years, and to furnish them time and opportunity for progress in their studies. Florilla began to attend the common-school at the age of four years, and, with but very little interruption, continued until she reached her fifteenth year. There she laid the foundation of thorough scholarship. In the accuracy of her knowledge of orthography she was rarely surpassed; indeed, her decisions on that subject were nearly infallible—she rarely erred. She also acquired at the common-school a good knowledge of geography, English grammar, arithmetic, and some acquaintance with the art of composition, and, what was of much more consequence, she formed an ardent love of study and fondness for books, which became more and more intense as long as she lived. The time had now arrived when it was important for her to proceed in her education: for this purpose it was necessary for her to leave home. To the writer this is the most interesting period in the life of his subject, and he ventures to dwell here a moment, to hold up her example for the imitation and admiration of his youthful readers.

It is not in the power of death to inflict on a man a heavier blow than to take from him an

intelligent, affectionate wife—"the bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh :" a part of himself. The severity of this blow is greater to a man advanced in years than to one comparatively young, for very obvious reasons. Mrs. Alexander had been such a wife as that her death, to any sensible man, would have been an irreparable loss. Such did her husband feel it to be. He had reached the time of life when the world ceases to fascinate, and when in retirement and the society of his own fireside man seeks his earthly bliss. But she who had been the chief attraction of that fireside was gone. She who had, from his first entrance upon a religious life, accompanied him to the house of prayer, was now silent in the grave. Under similar circumstances, how many a father's life has been imbibed by the thoughtlessness, giddiness or indiscretion, if not crime, of his daughters, who, unrestrained by the presence and authority of a mother, devote their hours to company and the pursuits of foolish pleasures.

Not such was the course of Florilla Alexander. She was at an age when the heart is naturally very buoyant: when the inclination to indulge the instinctive propensity to sociality by mingling with the mirth-loving companions of youth

is exceedingly powerful ; when the love of sport and hilarity is so great as that to restrain it is most difficult, even by deepest afflictions. Yet we see this young lady secluding herself from general society, and striving, by the most assiduous attentions, to cheer the lonely pathway of a fond father, now advanced in years and oppressed by a heavy affliction. Say, reader, is there not great moral beauty in this strong exemplification of filial affection ? The girl of fifteen becomes the constant companion of the venerable man of threescore years. Think you not that angels complacently smiled upon that girl, as she cheered, during the long evenings of the dreary winter nights of a northern New York climate, that aged servant of God, by singing with him the songs of Zion, or as she lighted his path to the place of prayer ? Had she, like many of her age, left that aged parent to his loneliness, while she sought pleasure in the merry dance or other unmeaning amusement, how different had been her reflections in subsequent years, or her emotions upon her dying bed, as she remembered him whom on earth she was to meet no more ! Had she taken a different, but not an uncommon, course, how different would be that father's remembrance of her ! He longs to

make, even now, at his advanced age, a pilgrimage to the distant West, to view the spot where in their prairie bed sleep, and where, until awakened by the resurrection's trump, will sleep, the remains of that amiable daughter.

In a letter received after her death, he says, referring to himself and Caroline, his now only daughter on earth, "Could we visit you, and stand by dear 'Rilla's grave, and wet with our tears the spot where that precious dust is deposited, it would afford us great relief. But we must silence those desires, by looking forward to that glorious morning when she shall come forth clothed in immortal beauty, and shall live for ever. You may well suppose that I know how to sympathize with you in your great affliction. She lost one of the best of mothers, when she was yet but a child. Since that my only comfort has been in my children. She was a most dutiful child, ever reasonable and considerate. After her profession of religion, grace as an ornament sat upon her, embellishing her life and character: she was a fervent Christian."

CHAPTER III.

Education among the Methodists—Wesley's efforts—First school—Equal to Oxford—Cokesbury College—Calamity—Efforts of Bishop Coke—Second College burned—Discouragements—Bishop Asbury's District Schools—Their influence—New Market Seminary—Dr. Fisk—Number of Colleges—New feature in education—Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary—Revival—Great increase of schools—Doing a great work for the Church.

Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds:
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

BOWRING.

BEFORE entering upon the delineation of the life of his subject as a student, the writer ventures, even at the risk of the charge of irrelevancy and digression, to pause to give a brief historical sketch of the rise and progress of the higher seminaries of learning in connection with the Methodist Church. He is the more inclined to do this, from the fact that no such connected

history has ever been given to the world in printed form.

To provide the means of education for all who choose to place themselves under its care, was an early and a favorite idea of Methodism. Raised up by God to stand at the head of a great moral movement for the spreading of holiness over the earth, Wesley did not fail to fully comprehend the value of sound literature to those brought to Christ through his labors. He employed his intervals between long journeys and excessive pulpit labors, in writing small books for general reading. In these all the essential doctrines of religion were examined and elucidated. As fast as they were printed, his assistants and co-laborers bore them off to every part of the kingdom, giving them the widest possible circulation. These publications contributed perhaps not less than his pulpit ministrations in pushing forward the great religious reform in which he was engaged, and for which Heaven seems especially to have commissioned him. He who exclaimed, "The world is my parish!" saw that, to arouse a slumbering world, to the power of the pulpit and the press must be joined the school; that these were Heaven's artillery for arousing the nations, and forcing the world to surrender to Christ. At

the first Conference ever held of Methodist ministers, consisting of but six persons—and that was then the entire number in connection with Mr. Wesley—the expediency of founding an institution of learning was gravely discussed, and they determined on embarking in the enterprise.

Four years subsequently, in 1748, this institution opened with twenty-eight pupils. Like every other good undertaking, it encountered great difficulties. Still, it has survived all its enemies, as well as its founders and early friends, and its doors have never been closed. It has furnished a substantial education to thousands of youth, many of whom God has sent forth as standard-bearers of the cross. This institution, without the name, was in fact a college of high grade. The course of study—embracing history, chronology, geography, rhetoric, logic, ethics, metaphysics, the pure and mixed mathematics, the English, French, Greek, and Hebrew languages—was as extensive as at Oxford or Cambridge, and much more thoroughly taught.

To secure text-books not debasing to morals, and otherwise adapted to use, Mr. Wesley prepared editions of the ancient classics: he wrote grammars of the various languages taught, and compendiums of rhetoric, logic, moral science,

mental philosophy, and several books of history. He personally inspected the school, and in every way gave his sanction and influence to the cause of education; and nobly have his followers in the old world pursued in this matter the course of their distinguished leader. Upon their schools, academies, and seminaries, the pride of the Connection, have the Wesleyans lavished their thousands, as well as consecrated to their management the choice talent of the Church.

In keeping with the movements of the parent body, the American Methodists early engaged in literary and scholastic enterprises.

The General Conference of 1784, at which the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, determined to found a college. The importance of preöccupying the ground was fully appreciated by the noble band who composed that memorable Conference. After a prayerful comparison of claims, a beautiful site on the Chesapeake, twenty miles from Baltimore, was selected, and the college building was commenced the next year.

Two years after, the noble edifice, at an expense of forty thousand dollars, was completed, and dedicated to the cause of learning and literature by the venerable Bishop Asbury. A faculty was secured, and the college opened under circum-

stances full of promise for its future success. Every year added to its patronage, and more and more convinced the founders that Heaven approved the undertaking.

A great trial of faith, however, awaited the friends of Cokesbury College. The noble structure, which had cost the good Bishops Coke and Asbury great care and labor, and the Methodist people forty thousand dollars, was burned by an incendiary, ten years after its opening. Such an event, at any time, would be felt as a calamity ; but in the infancy of the Church, while the people were poor, and while money for Church extension enterprises was so much needed, it was a loss too great for us at this distance, and in these times of denominational wealth, to estimate.

The enterprise was, however, too dear to the ministers and people of the Church to be abandoned under this calamity. Bishop Coke immediately commenced raising funds to erect another college. The people came nobly to his aid. A fund of twenty thousand dollars was soon raised, with which an eligible site and buildings were procured in the city of Baltimore, and the college reopened under circumstances most cheering.

Strange to relate, this, our second college edi-

fice, shared the fate of Cokesbury a few years after, by the carelessness of a few sport-loving boys.

These rapidly succeeding calamities greatly disheartened the friends of education ; and as the funds available for this cause were consumed, as a matter of course, direct efforts to build up colleges were for a time suspended.

In the mean time, Bishop Asbury was zealously engaged in raising up his celebrated District Schools in all parts of the South and West, in which many young men obtained a substantial education—among them some half dozen of the most distinguished statesmen of the Southwest.

The Discipline of the Church required the ministers to be diligent in furnishing the people with books, and to improve their own minds by devoting to study five hours of each day. To stimulate the youth and people generally to effort in the cause of literature, the Discipline required each minister to preach in every congregation once in six months expressly upon the subject of education. He who in these arrangements detects provision for either an illiterate ministry or membership, must employ perceptions of a very peculiar structure. If Methodist ministers and

people are not as well informed as the ministers and people of any other Church, it is not the fault of their founder or their Discipline.

To all alarmists at the changes which our literature is making, and all croakers about "old-fashioned Methodism," these facts ought to be interesting, and ought to stir them up to efforts in the literary enterprises of the Church. Whatever else a man is, he is not an *old-fashioned* Methodist if he does not give the aid of his hand, heart, and purse to further the cause of Methodist literature, by means of our schools, books, and periodicals.

In the year 1817, the New England Conference rallied again the energies of the Church around the cause of education, by opening the New-Market Seminary. This may be regarded as the beginning of our present educational enterprises.

New-Market was found an unfavorable location for the school, and, by order of the Conference a few years later, it was removed to Wilbraham, Massachusetts; and Wilbur Fisk, then in the prime and vigor of manhood, was appointed to the presidency. His mature scholarship, and mild but decided character, eminently fitted him for the place, and at once gave him position as

the leader in all Methodist scholastic enterprises—a post which he held until his lamented death.

Twice was he chosen by his brethren to fill the episcopal chair, but as often did he refuse ordination—a rare case in ecclesiastical affairs. He felt that at the head of our schools he was more needed than in any other place that the Church could assign him. And who that has been in positions to comprehend the influence that he exerted, and which he is still exerting,—“for he being dead yet speaketh,”—doubts the correctness of his decision? To this day many of our colleges and academies are under the guidance of Dr. Fisk, through his pupils and others who have formed their plans of education, and systems of managing our institutions of learning, upon models of his furnishing.

The General Conference of 1820 gave a decided impulse to the cause of education. Two seminaries, one in New England, and one in New York, were in successful operation. They laid before the Conference their charters and modes of operation, and asked the aid and influence of that venerable body.

Up to this time no provision had been made for appointing itinerant ministers to our schools, and the bishops could only continue them as

principals or professors two years in succession. This was a serious embarrassment to the infant institutions. A change of the law restricting the episcopacy was sought and obtained. The whole subject was referred to an able committee, whose report was an honor to both the heads and hearts of those who made it. It was adopted unanimously, and has exerted an influence far outreaching the expectations of its venerable framers.

The report urged each of the Annual Conferences to found within its jurisdiction at least one seminary, in which a full course of academic instruction should be given, and where, at the same time, the pupils should enjoy all facilities for progress in experimental piety. The Conference made it the especial duty of the bishops to use the influence of their station to carry this recommendation into effect.

The rapid increase of seminaries, during the next few years, shows the influence of the action of this General Conference.

Kentucky has the honor of opening the first school after these measures were adopted. Augusta College was opened in 1823, with John P. Finley as its president. This, our first collegiate institution, was for several years highly prosperous, and furnished the Church a number of fine

scholars. The opening of Transylvania University under Methodist patronage, and the division of the Church in 1844, so diminished the patronage of this college, that it was finally suspended.

In 1824, the Genesee Conference opened a seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y., and the Rev. Ezekiel Porter was called to its presidency. This institution, in every thing but the name, is a college of the first class. Located in a populous and very healthy part of the Empire State, it has from its origin been greatly favored. It has had a very extended patronage. Some of the most distinguished men of the Church have at various times composed its faculty. Its alumni are scattered over all the land, from Canada to Florida, and from Maine to California. Besides hundreds in the ministry and in other positions of usefulness, it has furnished ten colleges with presidents, about sixty professors in colleges, and principals and teachers in seminaries. Eight editors of religious, and many more of secular periodicals, have gone out from its classic halls.

The Pittsburgh Conference opened an institution of collegiate grade, at Uniontown, Pa., in the year 1827, with the late lamented Bishop Bascom at its head; and during the same year, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Redfield was

opened; and the next year gave birth to the Lebanon Seminary, which in 1834 became McKendree College, at Lebanon, Ill., with a full university charter.

This region was one of the favorite resorts of the great evangelist, Bishop McKendree. The college took his name, and became legatee of a portion of his estate. This institution encountered great difficulties, and more than once seemed to have reached a point where all must be surrendered. So prejudiced were the masses in that State against collegiate institutions, that for years previous to 1834, the Legislature had refused to charter such institutions. In the ministry and laity it had many fast and zealous friends. The sweet-spirited John Dew, and the evangelical S. H. Thompson, may be mentioned among the former, both of whom have entered into their rest. An attempt to endow it by the sale of scholarships proved nearly fatal to the enterprise. In 1844, it was compelled to close up its doors. It remained suspended for two years, when it was re-opened by the Rev. E. Wentworth, as president, and the Rev. A. W. Cummings and the Rev. Spenser Mattison, as professors. By their united exertions for five years, during which they received, by way of compensation, a mere living

only, the old debts of the college were paid, and a new edifice was erected and mostly paid for.

In 1831, Colonel Patridge, of West Point notoriety, surrendered his military school at Middletown, Conn., to trustees of the Methodist Church, who procured from the State a liberal charter and a small endowment. With these they opened the Wesleyan University. The distinguished Dr. Fisk was made its president.

During the same year, Randolph Macon College opened in Virginia, with the not less distinguished Dr. Stephen Olin as its president.

Lagrange College, with the Rev. Robert (now Bishop) Paine to preside over it, was opened the same year, by the Tennessee and Alabama Conferences.

This was certainly a noble year's work for the Church. These three colleges, whose advent was hailed in the year 1831, were of the first class, and they enlisted in their management three of the greatest men of the Church, men of whom any Church or nation might well be proud.

The General Conference of 1832 warmly approved the institutions then in operation, and renewed the recommendations to the Annual Conferences of the Conference of 1820. It also authorized the bishops to appoint itinerant preachers

as agents for our literary institutions, and under certain circumstances to appoint ministers as presidents and professors in colleges not under the control of the Church.

Dickinson College, chartered in 1783, by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the patronage of the Presbyterian Church, was in 1834 transferred to trustees of the Methodist Church. Dr. J. P. Durbin, then editor of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal*, was called to its presidency. It enjoyed a liberal charter, and an annuity of one thousand dollars from the State. Under the management of its new board, and with the able faculties who have since had charge of the instructional departments, it has enjoyed great prosperity.

Alleghany College was transferred from the Presbyterian Church to the Pittsburgh Conference during the same year. It now has a full endowment by scholarships, and a larger number of under-graduates than any other Methodist college in the land.

Since that time the increase of colleges and seminaries among us has been so rapid, that a distinct reference to each would require more space than can be afforded in this designedly small volume. More than a score of first-class

male colleges, several of them liberally endowed, are now in operation among us. Of seminaries we number hundreds.

Our Church is now taking the lead in female education. Female colleges within the last ten years have sprung up among us in all parts of the country. These are affording to ladies facilities for mental culture quite equal to those enjoyed by young men in our best male colleges. These institutions are exerting a vast influence upon science and general intelligence. While they greatly increase the number of educated persons in the community, they serve as a powerful incentive to male education. Educate the females of this generation, and the next will be a generation of scholars. An educated mother would deny herself any thing and every thing not actually necessary to life, rather than bring up an ignorant son.

The General Conference of 1836 divided the Oneida Conference, erecting in the northern part of New York a new Conference, which from its principal river was called Black River Annual Conference. This portion of the Church had been included within the patronizing district of the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, but now there was no school of the Church within

the jurisdiction of the new Conference. Its ministers felt that to maintain their rank with neighboring fraternities, and to meet their obligations to the youth of the country, they must do something for education within their own limits.

At Gouverneur, in the valley of the beautiful St. Lawrence, the Congregationalists and Baptists had for some years supported a high-school. There was a good building and fine grounds, but the school was in debt and had but little patronage out of the county. Its managers proposed to transfer it to the Methodist Church. In the spring of 1837 it was legally transferred, with its property and liabilities.

This school was but twelve miles distant from the home of Miss Alexander. Her father was one of its warm friends and liberal supporters.

The opening of the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary forms an era in the history of Methodism in northern New York. Many families who would never have thought of sending their sons and daughters to Cazenovia, and who would not have been likely to send them to a Presbyterian, Baptist, or Romish school, realizing that the means of academic education in a school under the control of the Church of their choice were within their reach, and in a manner brought to

their doors, felt prompted by denominational pride, if no higher and more commendable motive, to sustain the seminary. During the first session, upwards of one hundred pupils were enrolled in the various classes.

The spirit of revival came upon the school. Many of the students were truly pious when they entered, and most of those not so were, during the winter term, brought to the Saviour.

The writer entered the school as professor of mathematics in the autumn of 1837, and continued seven years. He is now able to count his pupils by scores in the various professions and other positions of influence and usefulness. More than a score are ministers of the gospel.

The fear, which many entertained, that this institution would injure Cazenovia, proved groundless. The Gouverneur Seminary continues to prosper: Cazenovia Seminary was never more successful; and, midway between the two, has come up Falley Seminary, not inferior to either, and yet there is room.

The great bulk of patronage to our academies is from the adjoining counties: students seldom coming over fifty miles. This fact shows the wisdom of multiplying schools. Every new seminary opened by the Church, at a suitable

distance, say, as a general rule, one hundred miles apart, is nearly a clear gain to the cause of education. And when we consider the rich results of our efforts in this cause, in the astonishing improvement of our ministry and people, it is not surprising that throughout our entire borders our people are aroused on the subject of education.

The schools of the Church are at this hour doing more for the stability and reputation of our Zion than any one other instrumentality, the preaching of the gospel alone excepted.

Twenty-five years ago, our entire ministry did not number a dozen men of collegiate education : now it numbers hundreds, and probably thousands. When Wilbur Fisk was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, there was not in all New England another native American in the Church who had taken a regular course of collegiate training. Now behold ! what an army of scholars ! So great are our educational facilities, and so pervading the thirst for knowledge, that in future most of our itinerant ministers will come from our schools. May Heaven grant that while they come with cultivated minds, they may also come with sanctified hearts, and that in zeal and holy fervor they may

as much excel the fathers in our Zion as they will in scientific and classical learning. Thus far a happy equality between wisdom and grace has been preserved. May it ever be so.



CHAPTER IV.

Leaves home—Privileges at the Seminary—Standing among students and teachers—Revival—Her labors—Influence—Letter from Mr. and Mrs. Knox—Returns home—Teaches a school—Responsibilities—Elected Preceptress of the Seminary—Declines in favor of a friend.

There is, indeed, one crowning joy,
A pleasure that can never cloy—
The bliss of doing good;
And to it a reward is given
Most precious in the sight of Heaven,
The tear of gratitude.
The choicest happiness there is,
Godhead's essential, perfect bliss,
Is born of doing good:
He looks around and sees the eye
Of all creation spangled by
The tear of gratitude.—TUPPER.

IN the spring of 1841, Miss Alexander and her sister Caroline left home to attend the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. Here a new and very different field of effort, toil, and usefulness opened to her. The marriage of her brother secured company and a quiet home to her father; and yet to leave him was no small trial. It was not less a trial to him to be separated from his daughters and his second son, who was also a student at the same school. With the

exception of his married son, the children were all now away. Duty demanded the sacrifice, and it was most cheerfully made. Miss Alexander was soon very much interested in the school, was delighted with her schoolmates, pleased with her teachers, and absorbed in her studies.

The religious privileges furnished by the school, more than all other considerations, caused her to feel at home. Three sermons were usually delivered in the seminary chapel on each Sabbath. Two religious meetings were held during the week. She says of the seminary, "Here I enjoyed great privileges. The school was all that I could wish in regard to literary advantages: the teachers were attentive, kind, able: they were also examples of piety and zeal for the Saviour. How I loved them all! The students were affectionate, kind, and many of them Christians. The religious privileges were very great. The class and prayer meetings were very interesting. I enjoyed much of the love of God; sometimes 'the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.'"

At this school she formed many valuable acquaintances, whose friendship she cherished till the close of her life. Her discreet and exemplary course, with her deep, uniform piety, gave

her great influence in the seminary. Her manners were so artless, her spirit so meek and lamb-like, that she had over her immediate associates almost unlimited control. The writer will never forget the band of pious students from De Kalb, consisting of some ten or a dozen young gentlemen and ladies. How pure their example! how fervent their prayers! how delightful their songs of praise! Imagination often carries the writer back over the dozen years of labor, trials, and deep afflictions, which have furrowed his brow and cast sombre clouds over his heart, to his old recitation-room, and seats around him that happy group of youth in a class-meeting. As he dwells upon this scene, the sun appears to shine upon him a brighter radiance, nature is decked in purer green, the clouds disperse, angelic voices fall upon his ear, he forgets for the moment that he is still a pilgrim and a stranger on earth, and as "Faith lends her realizing light," he joyfully anticipates a reunion with those happy youth on the bright elysian plains of glory.

One of the gentlest, sweetest, purest spirits in that group was she whose early death has cast a shadow over the heart of that then happy teacher and class-leader. Miss Alexander was a favorite with both teachers and students. There

was an artlessness of manner, with a warmth of sympathy, that won all hearts.

During her first winter in the seminary, there was enjoyed a most powerful revival of religion in the school. Religious services were conducted in the seminary every night for some time, and with marked results. A deep conviction among professors of religion that they ought to make higher attainments in Christian experience, led to the holding of extra meetings for prayer. This took place before any especial seriousness was manifested among the irreligious. The earnest cry of Christians was, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Miss Alexander was one of the number who was waiting in prayer the gift of the Holy Spirit. It came at length, in a manner so marked that none could mistake the fact. The little company which had united together in prayer for a fuller baptism, were together on a Sabbath evening previous to the public preaching, in a recitation room of the seminary. The presence of the Answerer of prayer was recognized by every heart: each felt that the revival had now begun, and confidently expected to witness its effect upon the irreligious.

of the institution. God did not disappoint their faith. At the close of a plain, pointed sermon, an invitation was given to seekers to come to the altar: more than a score were seen rushing to the place designated, some of whom were soon rejoicing in a Saviour's pardoning mercy. The revival from that hour went on gloriously. Many were converted. Some found by cheering experience that God not only pardons guilt, but cleanses the heart from all unrighteousness. Miss Alexander was among that number. Though she afterward lost the witness of present sanctification, yet she never doubted that at that time God did "sanctify her wholly."

Her efforts among her companions were untiring, and no other was in a position to exert an influence equally decisive or salutary. So much confidence had the students in her piety, that she exerted over them almost unlimited control. Those whom others failed to influence, would frequently yield to her earnest persuasions, or be won by her tears. Many will never forget the fervor of her prayers for the conversion of those who were penitent, and the awakening of the careless. Seldom has it been the privilege of any one, of her age, to exert as great a religious influence as did Miss Alexander at that period.

There was in her voice, manner, and countenance a fervor, mingled with a simplicity of meekness, which wrought upon the feelings, and softened the heart of the beholder. She was never boisterous or obtrusive: diffidence and earnestness strangely combined in her religious performances. An aged gentleman of the Presbyterian Church, after listening to a prayer offered by her, at a time of much religious interest, in reference to her countenance, voice, and language, remarked, "That is unearthly." Those who witnessed her exertions, and listened to her prayers and exhortations in the social religious meetings, would have judged her an experienced Christian; and such in the proper sense she was. It is often thought that time is the chief element that constitutes experience. Her history shows that opportunity and improvement are much more important than lapse of time in furnishing experience. The unfaithful Christian remains but "a babe in Christ," after years of connection with the Church. Others, by a fuller appreciation of privileges and more faithful use of means, attain to the rank of "fathers" while yet in the infancy of their days.

Distrustful of his ability to form an unbiased judgment of the subject of this memoir at this interesting period of her life, the writer is happy

in being able to give the reader the views of two others of Miss Alexander's teachers, while at the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. The first is the Rev. Loren L. Knox, A. M., who was in 1841 and 1842 Principal of the Seminary. Mr. K. is now Principal of East Maine Conference Seminary, at Bucksport, Me. In a letter addressed to the writer, Mr. Knox says:

"I have no doubt that your proposed memoir will prove both interesting and useful. Young ladies ought often to look at such examples as the life of your late estimable wife has furnished. I have always had pleasing recollections of her as a scholar, and as a Christian. At Gouverneur, I felt that her influence was *wholly right*. I recollect well what a marked improvement took place in the depth and ardor of her religious feelings, during one of those glorious revivals with which the seminary was blessed. I doubt not that several who were converted, were mainly influenced to come to the important decision by her prayers and exhortations. She is now done with duties and sacrifices on earth. . . . Happy will it be for us, dear brother, if the memory we leave shall be as pure."

During most of the time of Miss Alexander's residence at the seminary, the female department

of the institution was under the care of Miss Ann E. Bowen, a lady of superior attainments, and devotedly pious. To her Miss Alexander was most ardently attached, and it appears that her affection for her teacher was reciprocated. Though quite out of the chronological place, yet, as it illustrates that portion of the life of Miss Alexander which the reader is now contemplating, the writer here inserts a letter received from his highly esteemed former associate teacher, Miss Bowen, now the wife of Mr. Knox. This letter was received soon after the death of her to whom it refers.

“BUCKSPORT, April 23, 1852.

“DEAR BROTHER CUMMINGS:—Your recent letter concerning the death of your wife, awakens many a mournfully pleasant recollection of the lovely woman whose loss has made your heart desolate and your home cheerless. Most sincerely do we sympathize with you in your heavy bereavement. Yours is no common loss, neither have you a common comfort in the memory of her spotless life. I have known but few to whose modest worth I could bear so unqualified testimony.

‘None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.’

“I have looked up my old class-books, and traced

her name through her several recitations, and need I tell you she was always marked high? Ever diligent, ever prompt, affectionate to her teachers, faithful to her God. I always knew where to find Florilla Alexander. You, brother Cummings, know how strong and how warm is the tie that binds the heart of a teacher to a good scholar. I loved her, and her memory is sweet. She was none of those brilliant girls, who charm a stranger; but her retiring, pleasant way, would upon acquaintance win anybody's heart. The depth of her religious character was unusual for one of her age. I seem to see her now, rising before a large room-full, trembling, indeed, yet distinctly and definitely telling of a Saviour's love, while falling tears attested the presence of emotion which she could not speak. Nor was it in public alone that she most exemplified the beautiful consistency of our holy religion. This was the work of private, every-day life. Amid those social gatherings, so frequent and so pleasant among students, all felt that her heart was in harmony with heaven. At this length of time, I cannot recollect her words upon any occasion, nor did she ever write to me after I left Gouverneur. To you has fallen the priceless privilege of watching the maturing and close of her beau-

tiful life. True, her gentle voice no longer falls upon your ear in heart-cheering accents, yet methinks the lingering light of her precious life will gild all your future way with a mild and holy radiance. But those little children, unconscious of all they have lost—how I wish it were in my power to show them kindness for their dear mother's sake! May God bless them and you, as he alone can.

“Your sympathizing friend,
“ANN E. KNOX.”

Upon the above no comment is required. It is the spontaneous testimony of one who had the best of opportunities for studying the character of her to whom it relates. All who knew her as well would readily recognize the picture drawn by Mrs. Knox, and would attest its fidelity.

Miss Alexander was a successful scholar. She did not possess extraordinary mental endowments. She was not brilliant. Her mind was evenly balanced, and possessed a beautiful symmetry. Industry and firm resolution to master every thing to which she gave attention, gave her rank among the most brilliant in her classes, and made her one of the best scholars in the seminary. For the natural sciences she had a great fondness—

botany, astronomy, and chemistry, were her favorite studies. She made herself a proficient in the entire course of natural science, mental and moral science, the elementary mathematics, drawing, painting, and French.

Having finished the prescribed course of study in the seminary, in the spring of 1843 she returned home, to mingle again in the scenes of her childhood, and to enjoy the sanctified influence and the dear society of that then best of earthly friends, her father. Her absence had been well improved. She considered her progress in religious knowledge and experience quite as valuable as her attainments in science and literature. She immediately resumed her labors in the Sabbath-school, and was found at her post in all the religious meetings of the neighborhood.

Her parents, in the bringing up of their children, had inculcated the idea that idleness is nearly akin to vice—that no one can maintain a life of virtue, much less of piety, in idleness. While all their children received a good mental and moral education, they were not less carefully taught the arts of industry. The sons were well versed in the management of a farm, and the daughters, by a happy combination of the advantages of domestic and literary education, were

equally prepared to become the wives of the farmer, mechanic, merchant, and professional man. While they could paint a flower, or embroider a satin shoe, they could also darn a stocking, make a cheese, or mend an old coat.

During the summer, Miss Alexander engaged in teaching a school in her father's neighborhood. A daily walk of a mile to her school gave her plenty of exercise: a large school furnished her full employment both interesting and profitable, especially as it gave her an opportunity to review many of her academic studies. She regarded it also as a position of usefulness, and already she had consecrated her life to the work of benefiting her fellow-beings. Life to her seemed valuable, just in proportion to the opportunity that it furnished of glorifying God and promoting his kingdom; and well had she conceived that the most acceptable mode of pleasing the great Creator is by laboring for the good of his creatures. That she entered upon her duties as a teacher of youth fully impressed with the responsibilities of the work, is gathered from her own words:

“In the spring of 1843, I commenced teaching a school near home. Here I found new cares and great responsibilities. I felt that I needed much of the grace of God. To my care was tempo-

rarily committed the guardianship of immortal beings, to be trained and educated, either for heaven and the companionship of angels, or for hell and the association of lost spirits. If influence never dies, how responsible is the position of a teacher! How much patience, wisdom, and grace do they need in the discharge of their duties! To the great Fountain of all good I would constantly fly for that aid without which I am all weakness, blindness, and sin."

Her duties were so discharged in the school as to meet the approbation of the employers, and to endear her greatly to the children. As autumn approached, with its heavy rains and its piercing winds, she ensconced herself again by her father's fireside, to improve the dreary season in reading, studying, and in various domestic duties and religious services.

An occurrence soon after transpired, which illustrated the benevolence of her heart. By the failure of a teacher to come on, with whom the trustees had contracted, the seminary was without a preceptress. It was not a small compliment to Miss Alexander, that so soon after her leaving the institution she was invited back to take charge of the female department, which usually comprehended about one hundred pupils. With much

timidity she consented to accept the place tendered her by the trustees and faculty, and was preparing to return to Gouverneur, when notice was received that the teacher before engaged was now ready and anxious to take the place. Miss Alexander was fairly entitled to the situation, and some of the teachers and trustees were desirous that she should fill it, though she was so much younger than any other who had filled the place; but she promptly waived her claim in favor of the other lady, who had much more need of a situation than herself. The writer well remembers the embarrassment which he experienced, when, by the request of the trustees, he called upon Miss Alexander for the purpose of informing her of the position of the question, and of the wishes of the other lady. That embarrassment was soon relieved by the promptness of Miss Alexander's declining the place, and expressing her earnest wish that it should be given to the other lady, her friend and schoolmate. Her views, as might be supposed, were promptly acquiesced in by her father.

The generous course of Miss Alexander in that matter had no little influence in deciding the mind of the writer in relation to an important step then meditated, and subsequently taken, by

which her destiny and his were to be greatly influenced. Miss Alexander will, in the future chapters, appear in new relations and be known by a new name. Marriage is a great event in the life of any person : it is especially so in the life of a virtuous, pious female. In it every thing is staked, for time if not for eternity. Well does the Church admonish all about to assume its obligations, "that it is not by any to be enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God." It promises so many advantages when fortunate, that it is not surprising that most contemplate it with desire ; but there are so many risks to be run, by females particularly, that it is not surprising that many of the best ladies in the land, with frequent opportunities of marriage, remain in independence and single blessedness.

CHAPTER V.

Ministers' wives—Their scriptural character—Miss Alexander possessed the requisites—Embarrassing position of wives of itinerant ministers—Her marriage—Visits the seat of the General Conference—Wesleyan University—Grave of Fisk—Black River Conference—Fairfield—Seeks again the witness of entire sanctification—Extracts from her diary—Struggles after holiness—Attachment to the people of Fairfield.

“The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither;
And wealth, when there is such difference in years
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.”

IT has passed into a proverb that “A man who would thrive must ask the consent of his wife.” It is equally true that if a man would be happy or useful he must have the consent of his wife, and consequently he should seek such a wife as could easily consent to his prosperity and usefulness. In no other position is it more important for a man to have a discreet and prudent wife than in that of the Christian minister. No man should engage in the duties of the ministry unless

especially called to it, and prepared patiently to encounter its trials and labors. Nor should any woman become the wife of a minister unless she has an especial call to assume such responsibilities. How many men, and most gifted ministers, have been greatly embarrassed and circumscribed in their usefulness by an unsuitable matrimonial alliance !

So important to ministerial usefulness is the character of the minister's wife, that the Apostle Paul, in an enumeration of ministerial qualifications and requisites, especially dwells upon the character of the wives of those inducted into the sacred office. "Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things."

The wives of all ministers have many and peculiar trials: how much more is this likely to be the case with the wives of Methodist itinerant ministers! The itinerancy is a system wisely devised and wonderfully adapted to the great objects of the Christian ministry. By its instrumentality thousands will be brought under gospel influences, who without such a system would remain in ignorance of Christ and the way of salvation. It is the only method by which the great commission can be executed. The Master said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the

gospel to every creature." Here is the scriptural warrant for itinerancy. Paul, and Silas, and Timothy were examples of itinerant ministers.

But while it is a system of great efficiency, it is a system of great sacrifice, toil, and privation. It is so to the minister—how much more so to his wife! *He* finds in it novelty; hemingles much in society; he is often much caressed, and lives amidst the excitement of a busy life: the wife, especially if she is a mother, is confined at home; the charge of the family mostly devolves upon her; she receives from her husband but little aid in the education and care of children. She is subjected to a scrutiny from which all other ladies are free. In dress, conversation, manners, and conduct, she is expected to be a model for all persons of all tastes and capabilities. With but a tithe of the income of other families in the Church, she is expected to lead in all of the benevolent enterprises of the Church. She, of course, is to be the zealous advocate of missions, and to head the subscription with a sum that will influence all the other sisters to liberality. The sewing society looks to her as a leader: she is supposed to understand all about such institutions; and the meetings must generally be held at the minister's house, without reference to its size or

conveniences; and, of course, it must always be in prime order when the sisters come in. With but little reference to the condition of her family, she must attend the female prayer-meeting, and all other week-day meetings, as well as the Sabbath-school and the public services of the Sabbath. She is to be "faithful in all things." She must accept all invitations to go out, or give offence, and yet she must be "a keeper at home." In many other respects her situation is trying beyond the conception of those who have not been in situations to learn the difficulties that environ her. She has no home, and often must occupy a tenement, ill constructed, too small, without cistern, cellar, spring-house, or garden, and so dilapidated that most families in the community would feel disgraced by inhabiting it. Her furniture must be of the plainest quality, and scantiest quantity, and this must be annually or biennially sold at great sacrifice, or bruised and broken by being transported to a new field of labor. She may trim, twine, and water her shrubs, vines, and flowers, but after a few months she must leave them to delight other eyes and to regale other senses.

Her children are equal or greater sufferers. Their education is frequently interrupted, and is

at best dependent upon circumstances very contingent, as they are sometimes located within reach of good schools and sometimes not. But to them a greater evil is frequent removals and formation of new acquaintances. Their exposure to vice is thus greatly increased.

With Miss Alexander the writer had enjoyed the best opportunities for an acquaintance. She had been his pupil for several years. He believed that if she had not the capacity to meet in all respects all the demands that would be made upon her, as the wife of a minister, she did possess the wisdom and grace to submit to evils that she could not avoid. On the 14th day of March, 1844, she was married to the writer, who was then concluding his seventh year of labor as professor and principal of the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. After a short visit to her husband's friends in Western Canada, she repaired to her new home in Gouverneur, and commenced housekeeping on her own account.

Early in May following she accompanied her husband to the city of New York, to witness the proceedings of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to attend the anniversary exercises of the great religious and philanthropic national societies, holding their meet-

ings in that great metropolis. She thus enjoyed the privilege of seeing and hearing some of the most distinguished divines and statesmen of the nation, brought together by the great occasion. As that proved to be the last meeting of the representatives of the whole Methodist Church, she felt herself particularly fortunate that she was enabled to visit the seat of the General Conference at that time. The bishops were all present, some of whom she had not before seen. Of many of the distinguished men in that General Conference she had heard and read much, and was delighted with the opportunity of seeing and hearing them. She left New York with the most exalted views of the efficiency of Methodism, and of the integrity and competency of the men to whom Providence had intrusted the interests of his cause as represented by that branch of his Church. She felt, as many others there felt, that men could differ, widely differ, in views as to the best means of accomplishing great and good objects, and yet both parties be equally influenced by Divine grace, and be equally the friends of God and his cause. In the spirit that pervaded that General Conference there was much of the morally sublime. Local circumstances, over which they had no control, presented almost insuper-

able obstacles in the way of the members of that reverend body. Those who had long acted together in the great enterprises of religion and of humanity, now felt that they must separate. In the spirit of love and justice, provision was made for a separation, on terms honorable and just to all parties. Happy had it been for all concerned, and for the cause of religion, had all adhered to that plan !

From New York she made a tour through New England, visiting Middletown, the seat of the Wesleyan University, in which her youngest brother was then a student, a member of the senior class. The most interesting object in or about that renowned seat of learning was the tomb of the sainted Fisk. His character, as delineated by his biographer, Dr. Holdich, more nearly filled her idea of a minister of the New Testament than any other, after the apostles themselves. She used frequently to say, when looking at his portrait, which in a gilt frame usually sat upon her mantle, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."

About a month previous, her husband had resigned the presidency of the seminary, intending to devote himself to the pastoral work.

She returned to Gouverneur in time for the

annual examination and exhibition in the seminary, and with her husband to prepare for a new field. Though much attached to Gouverneur and the people, yet she parted with them gladly, feeling that more important work awaited both her husband and herself.

The Black River Annual Conference for this year met near the residence of her father. She improved the opportunity to attend to witness the proceedings and to enjoy the religious exercises. This proved to be an occasion of great spiritual influence. She, with many others, felt that a superficial religious experience among ministers and Church members, is the greatest obstacle to the onward march of the Church and the triumph of the cross in every place. The subject of entire sanctification was engrossing her whole mind. She felt that without the fulness of Divine love her efforts to do good must be very feeble indeed. That fulness she had for a season enjoyed, but almost imperceptibly she had lost the evidence of that happy state.

Her husband was stationed at Fairfield, Herkimer county, New York. This was an old town, the seat of a medical college, and of a highly flourishing seminary of learning. The Methodists had a fine church, and for a number of

years had enjoyed the services of the ablest ministers of the Conference, but religion was at a low point. They had more strength than any other Church, and yet the society consisted of but forty-two members, though the congregation was large. The feelings of Mrs. Cummings in her new and, in many respects, trying situation, may be best learned from her own words. The entry in her diary is without date, but it was probably made during the autumn or winter of 1844.

“We came to Fairfield in August. I felt that great responsibility rested on me as well as on my husband, to meet which I need all the aid that grace can impart. I began again to seek the blessing of perfect love. This I had once enjoyed. In the winter of 1842, while a student at the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, I began to *feel* the need of entire sanctification to God and his service. I had long before known that I ought to enjoy it, but it had never before been a matter of much solicitude. I determined to seek it, but I was assailed with many temptations: numerous difficulties seemed to lie in my path. My youth, the fewness of the number, even among ministers and aged Christians, who professed holiness, all seemed for a time to be obstacles to my undertaking to seek so great a blessing. But the pressing

necessities of my case determined me to surmount all difficulties, and, without reference to others, to contend for a blessing that I felt that I needed, and that God was more willing to confer than I was even to seek or receive. I struggled long and with many doubts and difficulties; but at length, after a severe conflict with the powers of hell, the bands of unbelief were sundered, the armies of the Devil were repulsed, and the glorious Captain of my salvation gained the victory, and allowed me to share it. My exulting soul exclaimed,

‘Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless:
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.’

My heart was filled, my joys abounded. Duties became delights. The cross was all-glorious. My will was lost or seemed merged in the Divine will. For several months I continued to enjoy this blessed fulness of peace and joy. My soul was on the mountain-top: I basked in the radiant light of a Saviour’s love. But by some means my eye got turned off from the star, my almighty and glorious Saviour, and, ere I was aware of my danger, I awoke to the painful consciousness that the abiding peace and joy in the Holy Ghost was gone. My soul was filled with

anguish at the thought of my great loss. Often has the secret place witnessed my tears and supplications for the return of that great blessing. None, but He who knoweth all things, knows what distress I have suffered in view of my sad departure from those regions of perpetual sunshine in which my soul lived for a season. My soul sometimes has glimpses of that light which once was all-pervading and constant: then again the cloud comes over me. I still rely on the promises, and enjoy a degree of the love of God; but this does not satisfy me. I find in my heart an unutterable longing for all the fulness of his love. I would be crucified with Christ, that every moment I may be able to read my title clear to my glorious inheritance in heaven. Lord, hasten that happy day when, in the exulting strain of Wesley, I shall be able to sing,

‘Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole:
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

‘Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light for ever shine:
This house still let thy presence fill.
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my soul be love!’”

Such were the inward struggles, and such was the spirit of that quiet woman, who for two years went in and out, before the church at Fairfield, with so much circumspection, that probably no one for one moment ever entertained an evil or unkind thought of her. As Mrs. Knox, her kind teacher, said of her at Gouverneur—

“None knew her but to love her:
None named her but to praise.”

Her character was soon understood there. She reached the village on Friday, at night. The following Sabbath night, her gentle voice was heard, trembling with emotion, in the spacious church, raised to God in supplication for a blessing upon herself, the Church, and the community in which she so recently had taken up her residence. She became at once a teacher in the Sabbath-school; and ill health alone could ever cause her seat to be vacant in the week-day prayer and class-meeting. She received from the people there many marks of confidence and tokens of affection. Indeed, the proverbially kind people of Fairfield left nothing undone that could be done to render the residence of their minister and his wife pleasant, while among them. And in so far as outward circumstances can render people happy, the writer and his family were so, during

their residence in that lovely town ; and while memory lasts, will the town and its kind inhabitants be remembered. And yet the first year that Mrs. Cummings spent in Fairfield was one of the most trying of her life. It was so to her husband. They appeared to labor in vain. Subsequent events, however, indicated that it was but in appearance.

The years 1844 and 1845 were trying years to Methodism in our country. A state of things existed in the North that rendered a longer union of the Methodists in the South with the North, dangerous to the prosperity of the Church. The Southern Conferences, in accordance with a plan adopted almost unanimously by the united General Conference of 1844, took measures for the establishment of a Southern General Conference. These measures, so peaceful in their inception, and by primary Church assemblies of the Southern States ratified with unparalleled unanimity, were violently assailed in the North. The denominational papers were filled with articles *pro* and *con* upon the subject. Much intemperate zeal was displayed, and much bitterness entered into the discussion. Amidst the angry strife the spirit of revival could not dwell. Few revivals occurred in the North. In Fairfield there was

no revival: Abolitionism, Millerism, and the division of the Church, absorbed the attention of the people. The pastor was branded as pro-slavery, because he would not allow the use of his pulpit to abolition fanatics, or permit them, unrebuked, to slander his Church in other pulpits of the town. The majority of the congregation sympathized with the views and feelings of the pastor.

There were in the Church in Fairfield some most devoted Christians, who mourned over the desolations of Zion; among them was Mrs. Cummings. She felt that a superficial religious experience was the great hindrance to the onward march of the Church. To her, holiness of heart and life were the great requisites to usefulness, and armed with these, she felt that the Church, or individual members of the Church, would be invincible.

As a means of progress in grace, and of more rigid self-examination, she endeavored to secure time to close up the duties of every day by reading the Bible, prayer, and meditation upon the events of the day, especially upon the state of her own heart. Frequently she made memorandums of her religious feelings and experience. From the manner of keeping these, it is evident that she attached no importance to

them, beyond the effect in causing more minute and frequent inspection of her heart and life. She doubtless felt, as all should feel, that unless religious duties are reduced to a system, as to time, place, and manner, they will be frequently neglected. Her diary, if so it may be called, was at first kept upon loose sheets and fragments of paper, and carelessly thrown into a portfolio: subsequently, she used blank-books. Her life was diversified by so few incidents, and so even was its course, that her diary presents great uniformity. Yet it indicates so much fervor of soul in seeking all the fulness of God's love, that to the pious it cannot be void of interest. Most of the entries were made upon the Sabbath. This was with her a great day. Her household affairs were arranged with special reference to securing the greatest quiet, and most time possible for devotion. A few extracts will now be given.

“April 6th, 1845. This has been a lovely Sabbath, and a day of some spiritual enjoyment. It being our Quarterly meeting, in the morning we had a lovefeast. It was a season of refreshing to my soul. While hearing others speak of their enjoyments, I felt encouraged to press on: the fulness will yet be mine! O blessed hope! I

shall not always pine in gloom, and languish in sorrow: the winter will end, the vernal sun will again irradiate my heart. At the communion I covenanted anew to serve God more faithfully. O Saviour, make this evening the time when all thy fulness shall be imparted to me, that my accustomed cheerfulness and happiness may return to me.

“April 8th. This has been a day of peace, and some degree of joy. I have felt that the Holy Spirit constantly rested upon me; and although it has disclosed to me the inbred iniquity of my heart, still I have reason to rejoice in its manifestations, as it has led me to the feet of Jesus. Here I would always stay; but how prone is the human heart to wander and rebel! I find in my heart peace and occasional joy, and yet my heart is secretly panting after God. I hunger and thirst after more of the mind of Christ. I will never rest short of a constant growth in grace, of a living and abiding faith in the Saviour. To have this is both my privilege and duty:

‘I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee t’ obey:
Thee my spirit gasps to meet:
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,—
Make, O make my heart thy seat:
O set up thy kingdom there!’

“Saturday, April 12th. Another week is drawing to a close. It has been mingled with great temptations, and yet great spiritual comforts. On the whole, a week of spiritual increase. The goodness of God is all around me. I have life, and health, and blessings. How many accidents and sorrows have been the lot of others!

“Sabbath, April 13th. A blessed day of rest indeed. The tempter has fled, and great peace has been imparted to me. O, what a blessing is religion! It is a treasure beyond all price—rich and immense beyond estimate. O Saviour, grant me more! May religion influence my every thought, and wish, and action. May it pervade every power, and be the mainspring of all I do—

‘My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know.’

“April 26th. For some time past, the work of grace has been deepening in my soul. I feel encouraged by faith to lay hold of the promises of Christ, and to look for their fulfilment to the entire redemption of my heart from sin.

“May 4th. I praise God for the sanctuary, and especially the sanctuary of the closet. Here the soul may hold intercourse with Heaven, may feel that it moves and lives in God. My soul often longs for the courts of the Lord’s house, and yet

my greatest blessings are found in the closet. I would that I might estimate both these means of grace as I ought, and make them both contribute to my constant progress in piety.

“May 18th. I often find myself placed in circumstances of great trial, in consequence of the relation that I sustain to the Church, as the wife of a minister. People seem to think that I ought to know more and be better than others, simply because my husband is a minister. They think that I can bear all crosses, and perform all duties. Nature often rebels against these demands, but, hitherto, grace has been given me in every trying hour. I feel that more is expected of me than I can perform, yet what I can do I try to do cheerfully. I desire that my every word and wish may be holy, so that what little influence I do possess, may be exerted for the advancement of God’s glory, and for the interest of souls. Yesterday I visited, with my husband, two families: in each I endeavored to urge to higher attainments in religion.

“May 22d. A very heavy rain this evening has prevented our going to the prayer-meeting, as our custom is every Thursday night. But thank the Lord for the good season that we have enjoyed in our closets, and at our family devotions.

Heaven is so gracious—the earth is so full of the Divine goodness—that I am ashamed of my coldness, of my ingratitude, of my weak faith, of my lack of zeal. O for living faith! O for perfect holiness!

‘May earth no more my heart divide:
With Christ may I be crucified!’

“June 5th. The Lord is gracious, and still he extends his grace to me, one of the least deserving of his children. I think I have ‘peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. He is my Saviour, my Redeemer, my Mediator, my Sanctifier, my present hope, my future, my eternal all. I love him because he first loved me. He continues to me his goodness from day to day. But how can I be happy, when I see how Zion languishes in this place? My heart is pained. Will Christians ever remain at ease while infidelity triumphs? Shall the dear youth of this community grow up in sin and in ignorance of the saving excellency of the gospel? Shall the faithful servants of Christ here labor in vain? Will not the Holy Spirit affect the hearts of sinners under the influence of truth, and so subdue their obduracy that they will yield to be saved by the riches of grace? O Lord, come to our

help ; for vain is the help of man. If thou hast sent us here, make our labors a blessing. Our year will soon expire : shall we not be permitted to rejoice over one sinner saved during the year ? Lord, this work is thine : accomplish it in thine own time, and by whom thou wilt."

Camp-meetings, at an early period in the history of American Methodism, were greatly favored by the Divine presence. To thousands they proved the power of God unto salvation. To Christians they were occasions of strength and progress. Mrs. Cummings had but little personal acquaintance with these meetings, but from the representations of others, and from published accounts of the triumphs of the cross on such occasions, she had formed a high estimate of camp-meetings. She very gladly availed herself of the opportunity to attend one on a circuit not far from our residence. She made much preparation, and no few sacrifices, in order to attend. But O, how disappointed in the result ! She had long been weeping over the desolations of Zion in that region of country, and praying, " O Lord, revive thy work," and she trusted that this camp-meeting was to be the time to favor Zion, and that a heavenly shower would descend upon Immanuel's thirsty land. The meeting was in

a neighborhood of fanatics. Abolitionism and Millerism had blighted every good and holy thing in the region, and the exercises of the meeting closed and not one conversion had taken place, nor was a single penitent found at the altar during the meeting. She returned home disappointed, yet refreshed in spirit, and with a firm purpose to continue her suit at the throne of grace until the desired blessing came. She concluded her memorandum in regard to the meeting as follows :

“ I trust I was profited and blessed, and that believers were encouraged. I desire nothing so much as to see the cause of God advancing. O Lord, help me to live for this. O that the path of duty may ever be plain before me, and that I may walk in humility, always glorifying thee. I feel that I am mortal, that life will soon be gone. It becomes me to live moment by moment to the glory of God, so that if called suddenly away from time, my work may be done, and I prepared to pass triumphant home.”

“ June 21st. To-day our last quarterly meeting for this Conference year will commence. O that it may prove a lasting blessing to the Church and people of Fairfield! O that we may now see a glorious revival commence and progress until

multitudes are converted. Shall infidelity always triumph here? Amidst God's abounding mercies, will this people rush on in sin and perish?

"June 25th. This has been a day of calm trusting in God. I have felt it good to wait upon him in the use of the appointed home means of grace. For some time past I have enjoyed unusual freedom in prayer: my faith has been increased, my confidence in God is unshaken. The Conference year will soon close: in a few days I shall leave for a visit to my friends, and my husband will go to Conference. Our future field of labor is to be decided by an overruling Providence. I am only anxious that souls be saved and God's glory promoted."

Thus closed the first year of her life as the wife of a pastor. She enjoyed good health; was a constant attendant upon the means of grace, public and private. Her seat at public service on the Sabbath, or in the weekly prayer or class-meeting, was seldom if ever empty. In the Sabbath-school she was an earnest, constant laborer. She almost constantly accompanied her husband in his pastoral visits, which were always concluded with prayer, in which she frequently led. By her meek, quiet manner and fervent piety she diffused around her in all the families a sacred

influence. She enjoyed the Christian confidence of the people, and seemed to live in their hearts. To them in turn she was greatly attached. She often in after years referred with great delight to her first year's residence in Fairfield. By a thousand little attentions did the people of that lovely town and neighborhood endear themselves to their pastor and to his devoted wife. That year, in his recollection, constitutes an oasis in the desert of existence through which he has travelled, and by her a pleasing recollection of it was carried down to life's latest hour, and may perhaps with delight be retrospected by her from her present joyous abode in Paradise. A thousand blessings on their heads. If the people of every place would provide as liberally for their ministers and families as did the people of that town, the itinerancy would be much less dreaded by those upon whom its crosses and burdens fall so heavily.

CHAPTER VI.

Second year at Fairfield—Prayer for her husband's success—Diary—Earnest prayer for a revival—Spiritual dearth—Extra meetings—Revival begins—Panting after God—Diary—Still without the evidence of entire sanctification—Illness—Life despaired of—Her composure—Birth of a son—Diary—Her husband elected Professor in McKendree College—A great trial—Leaves Fairfield—Visits home—Prepares to go West.

O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer :
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

HASTINGS.

AT the commencement of 1845, the writer was reappointed to Fairfield. At the close of the Conference he repaired to De Kalb, the residence of Mrs. Cummings's father, with whom and other friends she had been spending a season, much to her own satisfaction as well as that of her friends. She received the intelligence that Fairfield was to be her home another year, with mingled emotions of joy and sadness. As to social advan-

tages, and domestic comforts, she felt that her circumstances could not be improved by a change to any other place. She loved the people, and scarcely expected anywhere else to find kinder friends or more cordial helpers in the work of the Lord. But as a field of usefulness it seemed to her peculiarly unpromising.

For eight years it had been a station, enjoying the constant services of a minister, but no general revival had ever been enjoyed. The congregation was large, but the Church consisted of but about forty members. In view of these things, many other places seemed far more desirable. She was actuated by a single desire, and that desire was to glorify God, and see his kingdom enlarged. Still, she regarded the appointment as providential, and consequently was pleased with it. As soon after Conference as possible, she and her husband were at their post again, ready for whatever the Lord had for them to do or suffer. As it proved, he had of each something in reserve. They were welcomed back by the congregation, and very soon after Conference favorable indications were manifest in the congregation. The reader will be pleased to learn from her own pen the feelings with which Mrs. Cummings entered upon her second year as the wife of a minister.

The following extract from her papers will furnish that information :

“August 3d, 1845. To-day my husband commences his second year with the dear people of Fairfield. Will the Lord afford him strength according to his day. O may this be a year of spiritual prosperity: may salvation come to those carnally dead in this place. My heart mourns at the languishing state of Zion here: shall it be that another year shall pass away without our being permitted to see the cause of the Redeemer advancing, and precious souls brought into the fold of the Great Shepherd? Lord, this work is thine: we are only instruments: take it into thine own hand, and work in thine own way, but let us see thy great salvation.”

These groanings of spirit for the prosperity of Zion were no doubt prompted by the Holy Ghost working upon that consecrated heart; and how much influence they had in bringing about the state of things referred to in the next extract from her diary, in this world we never can know. That the Holy Spirit is poured out in answer to prayer, no believer in the Bible can for a moment doubt. Fairfield had been a station for eight years, during which time it had enjoyed the services of some of the most devoted and able min-

isters of the Black River Conference, but no general revival had ever taken place. Soon after the commencement of this Conference year, the fruit of labor previously and then expended began to appear. God's people became more zealous for souls, and especially to have their own hearts purified by Divine grace. A few experienced the joys of full salvation, and from hearts overflowing they began to

“——tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour they had found.”

At the suggestion of Mrs. Cummings, extra prayer-meetings were appointed at various private houses in the neighborhood, and salvation in copious showers fell upon the people. Several persons were converted, and soon no private house could accommodate all who wished to attend upon these means of grace. The church was opened, and for several weeks, night after night, was filled with devout worshippers. God owned the labors of his servants, and several scores were added to the Church. The next entry in her diary refers to the commencement of this glorious work of revival.

“ Sabbath, Sept. 8th. Some time has elapsed since my last date. The Lord truly is with us. Blessed be his glorious name for ever. He does

hear and answer prayer. He owns his own truth, and attends it with power to the hearts of men. The Church is revived. Sinners are inquiring the way to life. O that the work of conviction were more general. Lord, increase it on every hand, until the cry becomes general, ‘What must I do to be saved?’”

While thus laboring and praying for others, she did not for a moment lose sight of the great blessing of perfect holiness. As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so she panted after God. She uses the following language :

“Sept. 29th. I feel a panting after God. I know he blesses me, but I have felt an earnest desire and a mighty struggling of soul in prayer for the witness of entire consecration to him. I would know that I am his for time and for eternity.

‘O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.
Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.’

“Oct. 12th. The inclemency of the weather and bodily debility detains me from the house of God. My spiritual state I can hardly describe.

I think I feel greater conformity to the will of God than at the last date. I wait at the foot of the cross, to know what the Lord would have me do, for my own salvation or to benefit others. I feel an increasing desire to do all that the Lord may require of me. I would be blessed in his own way, and I desire to enjoy from day to day all that it is his will to bestow upon me. Life to me is only valuable as a means of doing good and glorifying God. Religion seems to be progressing some in this place; but O for a mighty shower of Divine grace!

“Oct. 28th. O praise the Lord that he hears and answers prayer! Since my last date he has continued to revive his work: souls have been converted, and believers sanctified. My own soul has been greatly blessed, and I desire earnestly that he would continue to revive his work. To-night we go to the church for our extra meeting, and it is intended to continue public services in the church as long as the Lord seems to indicate that it is duty. O that the Lord would bless these efforts for the glory of his name. Without his especial help, all will be in vain.

‘Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed.’”

Of the success of these extra exertions mention has been already made. Mrs. Cummings was in feeble health, but she seldom failed to be present, and when present always found something to do for the Lord. She was still without the evidence of *entire sanctification*, and yet every power of body and mind seemed devoted to God and his cause. To human eyes she was the perfect Christian. She believed herself in possession of much grace, but her constant prayer was for the witness of entire sanctification.

“Dec. 9th. My confidence is still in God : he has kept me in severe temptations and trials. I am a great debtor to grace, and, as the only return I can make, I would give him my whole heart, earnestly desiring to be ‘sealed for his courts above.’ I feel in my heart an increasing attachment to the cause of God, and a desire to live alone for his glory.

“Jan. 1st, 1846. Since the last date the Lord has been with me. The closing hours of the old year were spent in a watch-night, which was a season of great joy to my soul. In reviewing the old year, I find much to regret. I have not enjoyed that vital piety which I had desired, and consequently I have not exerted that holy influence which privilege and duty demanded. How

poorly have I been prepared to do any thing for God ! With these regrets I would mingle my gratitude, that God has spared me, and blessed me, and attracts me still heavenward. I praise him with all my heart, and will seek his aid, that during this year every hour may be spent for his glory. To do this I need and must have much grace.”

For more than two months she appears to have written nothing. Her spiritual exercises varied but little. Indeed, a peculiarity of her character was sameness. Her life was an even-spun thread or a gentle rivulet. Of what has been called “ups and downs” she had no experience. She was to the eye of the closest observer always the same. For about four months she seldom left her house. On the night of the 27th of February she was taken ill. Early the next day she was thought to be dying. The following extract from a hurried note, sent to her sister and brother-in-law, Professor Wentworth, will be a sufficient explanation :

“ FAIRFIELD, Feb. 28th, 1846.

“ DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

“ I greatly fear that before this reaches you, my dear wife will be in eternity. Her health, until last night, was excellent. To-day she has

had four dreadful fits, puerperal convulsions. She is now easy and conscious, but I have little hope. We shall have a council of physicians as soon as possible. Pray for us.

“Yours in affliction, A. W. C.”

All around her during the convulsions, including the medical attendant, deemed her recovery exceedingly doubtful. During the paroxysms her sufferings seemed very great, almost too great for the writer to witness. But how was he relieved to find, after she had revived, that those few hours of such intense suffering to others were to her as a dream ! So wonderful are the arrangements of Divine wisdom and goodness in regard to us. She remembered a slight paroxysm affecting the muscles of the arms, and nothing more. After three hours, consciousness returned. By the great loss of blood she was much reduced in strength, but in other respects she appeared as though nothing had occurred. As we were in momentary fear of the return of the convulsions, and as it seemed highly probable that she could not survive a fifth, it was deemed proper to explain to her how critical was her condition, that if she had any thing further to do in order to be ready for eternity, on the verge of which

she seemed to stand, she might improve her time for that purpose. She received the intelligence with a composure that pleasingly surprised all. When she was told that we feared in a few hours she might be in eternity, her reply was, "I trust I am ready. I would like to see father, but if I die, tell him that all is well."

Intelligence was immediately dispatched to her venerable parent of the critical condition of his beloved daughter, and in four days he was by her side. He found her, to his great joy, in comparatively a safe condition, and very happy in the Lord. Her first child, a son, who lives to mourn the death of his cherished mother, was born the day after those frightful convulsions, which all feared would be fatal to both mother and child. She regarded her son as an especial gift from Heaven under the circumstances, and by a thousand prayers she offered him to God. She rapidly regained her strength, and after a few weeks resumed her accustomed duties. Her next entry was April 12th :

"Some time has elapsed since my last date. It has been a season of temptation, trial, and affliction; but I praise God that, in temptation, he hath made a way for my escape. The presence of Him who hath said, My grace shall be

sufficient for you, has been with me in every trial. In affliction his grace has upheld me.

‘ My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.’

The Lord has committed to my care a lovely charge, a beautiful boy, to be trained for him. Lord, impart to me wisdom and grace to meet this new responsibility. This is indeed a holy day of the Lord. To me it is a happy day, though I am not permitted to attend upon the public means of grace with his people. The Lord is with me. The Holy Spirit comforts me. The whole Trinity unite to bless me. What can I render to the Lord for all his goodness to me !

“April 19th. Jesus is mine. O victory ! Praise the Lord for grace to overcome, through the blood of the Lamb. I render my all, soul and body, a willing sacrifice to the Lord, and I feel that he graciously accepts it. My daily prayer is, ‘Lord, teach me thy will : make the path of duty plain before me, and help me to walk therein with a joyful heart.’ ”

About this time her husband was elected to a professorship in McKendree College, at Lebanon, Illinois. After much reflection, counsel with

friends, and prayer, he determined to accept the call, provided the Church sanctioned it, and the bishop transferred him to the Illinois Conference. To Mrs. C., this was at first a great trial. She was married with no other expectation than that of living and laboring as the wife of an itinerant minister: she desired no higher station or lighter task. To have her husband so soon give up the pastoral work to reenter an institution of learning demanded of her a sacrifice of feeling. She also regretted to leave her friends to go to so distant a point. To gain her consent, it was necessary for her to see that it was the will of God that we should go. She carried the matter to the throne of grace repeatedly. She examined the reasons assigned for going, and the prospects for usefulness there, until convinced that duty pointed us westward. That fact discovered, her approbation and consent were secured. We copy her last entry in her diary before leaving Fairfield:

“ June 10th. The Conference year has closed, and we now leave Fairfield. My husband goes to Conference, and I go to my father’s to spend a few weeks, preparatory to our departure for the West. We have been here two years. We have had many trials and many comforts. The people

have been exceedingly kind to us. We mourn that we have not been more useful to them, as the best return for their kindnesses to us. But we have done the best we could with the amount of grace and wisdom that we possessed. My husband has labored hard, and not without success. We have seen sinners converted, and believers sanctified. The membership of the Church has doubled. Some of those added to the Church, I trust, will be faithful and very useful: they are persons of years and standing in the community—some are young and beset by many dangers. Lord, send a man after thine own heart to watch over them, and to guide them in the good and the right way. Of these two years I shall carry to my grave a lively and grateful remembrance."



CHAPTER VII.

Leaves home for Illinois—Visits Niagara Falls—Meets her sister—Reaches Chicago—A great trial—Prepared for it—Remains at Chicago five weeks—Joy on reaching Lebanon—Death of her sister's child—First entry in her Diary at Lebanon—Condition of the College—Prejudices against Colleges in Illinois—College opens—Religious influence of Methodist schools—Great numbers converted—Dr. Fisk declined the Episcopacy in favor of Wesleyan University—Revivals in McKendree—Mrs. C.'s interest therein—Success of the institution.

“I never left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the cords of kindness drew me,
And have gladdened me of yore,
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom,
For the days that are departed,
And the place I called my home.”

TUPPER.

“But home—that sacred, pure retreat,
Where dwells my heart in all that's sweet,
And my own stream, where oft I've strayed,
And marked the beams that o'er it played—
Is far away, o'er the waters blue,
Far from my fondly straining view.”

MARY DAVIDSON.

THE weeks flew rapidly away, and the time was at hand when the dear scenes of youth were to be parted with, and the companions of youth left far behind. The sorest trial with Mrs. Cummings was to leave her venerable father and

her sister Caroline. The circumstances in which she was left by the death of her mother, operated to strengthen the ties between these sisters, and to greatly increase their natural fondness for their only living parent. His attachment to his daughters was not less. With all, however, the claims of duty were paramount. She remembered that "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," and received grace to give up all for the sake of advancing the cause of the Redeemer.

On the 19th of August, she took leave of her father and other friends, and started for her new home. Her elder brother Edward and her sister Caroline accompanied her to Ogdensburgh, whence she and her husband took a steamer for Lewiston, on the Niagara river. Thence we passed by railroad to the Falls, one of the wonders of the world. Of the beautiful and sublime, she was highly susceptible. The falls and surrounding scenery more than equalled the picture which imagination had drawn of them. She passed from point to point, everywhere the view being overwhelmingly sublime.

At Buffalo she met Mrs. Wentworth, her eldest sister, with her husband and two children. The meeting was both pleasant and painful. The

thought of again enjoying her sister's company was very delightful, but to meet her so reduced by disease and fatigue as to be unable without support to pass from the railroad car to the coach, which was to convey her to the hotel, was painful. The enjoyment of her sister's society, and especially the hope that the climate of the South-west might restore the broken-down and fast-failing health of that dear sister, made the parting with other friends much less painful. Mrs. Wentworth seemed to be in a decline: incipient consumption could be traced in its varying but definite symptoms. To arrest its progress, a change of climate was indispensable. To give Mrs. Wentworth a little rest, a delay of three days was made at Buffalo.

After five days on the lakes, we reached Chicago. Here a great trial was to be endured. The health of Mrs. Wentworth and her little daughter was such, as to require a delay of some days, and medical attendance. At the same time, the duties of her husband demanded that he and the writer should proceed to the southern part of the State, to make arrangements for the opening of the college, and to meet the Illinois Conference, to which they had been transferred. To be left among strangers, and at a

time of much sickness, with a sick sister, and a still more sick child, the daughter of Mrs. Wentworth, was a new and an unexpected trial. It was, however, necessary, and, with more composure and firmness than any thing but grace can impart, Mrs. Cummings prepared to endure it. For their accommodation, a private boarding-house was sought, and the ladies and children removed to it. It proved an unfortunate choice, and they were left, entirely contrary to the expectations of their husbands, to suffer.

The succeeding five weeks passed very slowly away. The distance between Chicago and southern Illinois was so great, and modes of communication at that time so imperfect, that but few letters reached the ladies during their unpleasant stay at that place. Their husbands were flying from point to point, and received no letters from them.

Seldom has more joy been experienced than when, after a most fatiguing journey of ten days by land, they reached Lebanon, their future home. Mrs. C. and her little son continued in good health; but Mrs. Wentworth and child were emaciated and apparently very sick.

The little girl lingered for a few days, and then ceased to suffer; and was laid in its long

resting-place. Mrs. C.'s first entry in her diary after reaching Lebanon is as follows:

“ Nov. 8th, 1846. This is the fourth Sabbath which I have spent in Lebanon. I have experienced many misgivings of heart in coming here. If my husband can here be more useful than in the East, as great as is the sacrifice, I make it with gladness. I want to know and do all the will of my Father in heaven. My religious enjoyment has much increased since my arrival here. This gives me some confidence that we are in the order of Providence. Amidst the cares and inconveniences of journeying, my mind had relaxed from that devotional frame which, for some months, I had been enabled to maintain. The excitement of passing scenes and change of place, often retards the soul's progress in the way of life: in some degree, this has been the case with me. My stay at Chicago was very unpleasant. My sister and her child were sick: quite contrary to my husband's expectations, our accommodations were poor; this, with the absence of my husband, and the circumstance of being among strangers, caused me much anxiety. Since our arrival here, the Lord has been pleased to afflict us by the removal from our happy family of the lovely little daughter of my sister. By

this, and a thousand other occurrences, do we see how frail we are."

To appreciate Mrs. Cummings's position and feelings at Lebanon, some acquaintance with the condition and prospects of the college to build up which her husband and others had gone to this place, will be necessary.

At an early day the Methodist Church, the most numerous religious denomination in the State, had entertained the subject of establishing a seminary of learning. By labors, such as few now can appreciate, a building was erected, and a seminary for the instruction of males and females was opened in 1829, at Lebanon. At that time the prejudices against schools and colleges were so great, that the Legislature could not be induced to grant a charter for literary purposes. Colleges were regarded as tending to the union of Church and State, and as conducive to idleness, and pride, and many other evils, and also as being entirely unnecessary. With such a state of feeling among the most intelligent portions of the community, legislators, ministers, and pious people, to raise a few thousand dollars to found a school was a herculean task. Fortunately for education and for Methodism, the leading ministers of the Methodist Church maintained correct views on the

subject, and gave their aid and influence to the cause of education.

In the year 1835, by the united influence of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches, the Legislature was induced to grant the first college charter. In one bill four colleges, one at Lebanon, one at Alton, one at Jacksonville, and another in the southern part of the State, were chartered. A faculty was secured, and McKen-dree College, at Lebanon, was soon opened. For a time it was flourishing, but a combination of circumstances brought it into embarrassment, and in 1844 it was suspended. The teachers and students left, and for a season it appeared that the enterprise would be abandoned. A few de-termined spirits, in the spring of 1846, deter-mined to make another trial. To secure a faculty, a call was sent out to teachers then in the travel-ling ministry to come on, and engage as profes-sors in the institution. They were offered, by way of pecuniary inducement, a bare living. The smallest sum that would pay the expenses of themselves and their families, was the highest amount that the college could pay, and to raise that small amount even, reliance was had upon the quarterly collections in the class-meetings, of from twenty-five to fifty cents. The institution

was in debt to the amount of several thousand dollars. An old frame building, a small library and apparatus, and a small quantity of land, was all that the college possessed. Against it there existed a great amount of prejudice, arising from a failure in an attempt to endow it by scholarships, and other causes. Under these circumstances, well might Mrs. Cummings have misgivings in regard to the enterprise.

The result of the undertaking shows how accurately "Father Robbins" and the lamented Goheen estimated the resources of the country and the energies of the Church. They made their appeal to Methodist preachers to serve as teachers, because Methodist preachers are trained in the school of self-sacrifice and self-denial—because they are not easily discouraged in grappling with difficulties, and especially because of the warm sympathy of the people with them.

The new faculty of McKendree College were not merely college professors, but Methodist preachers. With such and their families, the people of Illinois would divide their last loaf of bread. In the autumn of 1846, the college reopened with some twenty students. During the winter a gracious revival of religion was enjoyed in the college and town, and God seemed

to set his stamp of approval upon the institution. The people baptized it with their prayers, and soon all connected with it felt that the work was of the Lord. The misgivings of all yielded to hope, and soon to strong confidence. Mrs. Cummings felt like others that God favored the work, and after the first year she became entirely satisfied that God called us to labor at that point. The frequent revivals of religion enjoyed in the college were sufficient to dispel all fears from pious hearts.

And here we may be allowed to digress, to dwell for a moment upon the religious character of Methodist literary institutions. To some minds, the employment of so many ministers in our schools and colleges appears like an unnecessary waste of ministerial talent, and a dangerous encroachment upon the itinerancy. We view it very differently. Methodism claims to be the creature of Providence, seeking a great end, by such means as Providence seems to indicate. To spread scriptural holiness over the earth is its appropriate work. To do this, it proposes to "sow beside all waters :" it enters in at every door, and gives "a portion to seven and also to eight." It says not, "There are four months and then cometh the harvest," but rather exclaims, "The fields are

already white unto the harvest: thrust in the sickle and reap." The school and the college are open doors, and ministers have entered in, and by the blessing of Heaven have gathered much fruit to the praise and glory of God.

Those who have carefully examined the subject assure us that the ratio of conversions in our denominational schools is much greater than in any other department of the Church; and surely such revivals of religion as we have witnessed at the Oneida Conference Seminary, and Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, and McKendree College, we have seen nowhere else.

But not in the number of the converts alone do we see the religious influence of these schools, but more especially in the character of the converts. How many scores are now in the ministry who were converted in our schools! The seminaries have paid back ten-fold all that they have taken from the pastoral work. It may be thought that the schools would have wielded the same religious influence had they been managed by lay members of the Church; but the facts do not justify this opinion. Why have the schools of our Church been more signally blessed in this respect than those of other Churches? Mainly, we think, because they have enjoyed the ser-

vices of a larger proportion of ministers of the gospel.

We know of but one reason why positions in our schools are sought by ministers: that is, because these positions are more abundantly useful. Such have been the views of the most distinguished ministers among us. Was it ease or honor or emolument that prompted Dr. Fisk twice to decline the episcopacy that he might devote his services to a literary institution? Had Fisk, Olin, Bascom, Fielding, Emory, and others now in heaven, believed that in the pastoral work they could have accomplished more for Christ and his cause than they could in the positions they occupied, no inducement would have detained them in the schools. It is true that all the ministers now in schools are not Fisks and Ollins, and Emorys and Bascoms, nor would they be if they were in the regular itinerant work.

By frequent outpourings of the Holy Spirit McKendree College has been signalized. The interest that Mrs. Cummings took in this work will subsequently appear. Year after year, God poured out his Spirit and saved scores of precious youth. In other respects the college was blessed. Its debts were paid, a new edifice erected, and its facilities for doing good greatly improved.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sister's company—Strong attachment to sisters and brothers—Friends at Lebanon—The pious loved her—Diary—Fondness for reading—Fondness for singing—Love of botany—Never read a novel—The Bible—Always thoughtful—Her system of living—Diary—Death of D. Goheen—Diary—Cholera—Anticipated visit home—Female education—Conversing with Jesus—Death of the Rev. A. J. Crandall—Sister Crandall—Reflections upon Mr. Crandall's death—No evidence that he was out of the way of duty—Cox—Dr. Coke—Bishop Emory—Diary—Earnest prayer for revival in Lebanon—Her husband much from home—Never complains—Diary—Earnest desire to be useful.

Thou, more than all endeared to this glad heart,
By gentle smiles, and patience under pain;
I bless my God, and thee, for all thou art,
My crowning joy, my richest earthly gain!
To thee is due this tributary strain,
For all the well-observed kind offices
That spring spontaneous from a heart imbued
With the sweet wish of living but to please;
Due for thy liberal hand, thy frugal mind,
Thy pitying eye, thy voice for ever kind,
For tenderness, truth, confidence, all these:
My Heaven-blest vine, that hast thy tendrils twined
Round one who loves thee, though the strain be rude,
Accept thy best reward—thy sister's gratitude.

TUPPER.

AT Lebanon, Mrs. C. enjoyed the pleasure of her sister's company. They resided in the same house, and made but one family. To secure this privilege, she would have made almost any sacrifice. To their friends in New York, this was

also very pleasing. The fact that the sisters were to reside together, had more to do in gaining the consent of their father, brothers, and sister for them to remove West than any one other circumstance.

The fraternal affection is regarded as one of the instincts of humanity, and as being inseparable from man's nature. This is probably true, but it is equally true that fraternal love is voluntary as well as instinctive, and highly susceptible of culture. Indeed, this is true of all the propensities. Under disuse or neglect it perishes, or at least lies dormant. Cultivation renders it one of the most active principles of our nature, and its gratification the most pleasurable. The brothers and sisters of Mrs. Cummings strongly exemplified it. Father Alexander remarks: "The children were always greatly attached to each other: strangers often noticed it as a peculiarity of the family." The presence and society of Mrs. Wentworth more than compensated in Mrs. C.'s estimation for the inconveniences suffered in going to a distant State and a residence in a new country.

She soon, however, became much interested in the community, and attached to the place. Of suitable associates, the place furnished but

few. At Lebanon, she found some families who would compare favorably with the best anywhere to be found. But of such, the proportion to the whole community was very small. With a restricted circle of pious ladies she became intimately acquainted, and to them much attached: indeed, beyond the circle of near relatives, she never found persons whom she more ardently loved than at Lebanon and vicinity. For them, her affections increased until death. She was formed for friendship, and her simplicity of manners, goodness of heart, and ardent piety, attracted all to her who in any considerable degree possessed like qualities. She may have had enemies: envy at the position which without effort she occupied in the esteem and affections of the good, may have induced in narrow minds dislike; but the pious, who understood her character, could not avoid loving her. For some time she seems to have written but little. She says:

“April 3d, 1849. Time flies rapidly: I can scarcely realize that nearly three years have passed since we came to Illinois. It cost me great effort of mind to come here: to leave friends and acquaintances, the scenes of early childhood, and especially pious associates and

counsellors, required the sacrifice of no little feeling. Yet in the name of the Lord we came, and up to this period I have seen no occasion to regret it. My husband thought it the path of duty, and this was my only care, to know that it was so. I believe I am ready for any sacrifice that duty may require. We ought to be willing to live where we can do most for the glory of God."

Her domestic arrangements at Lebanon were very favorable for the gratification of her ardent love of books. From early childhood she manifested great fondness for reading, and subsequently for study and literary pursuits. Mrs. Wentworth being several years her senior, naturally took the lead in the affairs of the household. This allowed Mrs. Cummings much time for her favorite pursuits.

The neighboring forests, and occasional rides through the beautiful prairies, afforded her a rich variety of wild-flowers; the gathering, classifying, and pressing of which, delightfully employed many of her happiest hours.

With no great skill in the science, she was very fond of singing: often has the writer sat in the carriage, delighted to see her bound from flower to flower, in some retired place, chanting

at the highest pitch of her voice some favorite hymn. She never seemed more animated than when so far removed from critics as to feel free to use her voice on its highest notes, and in all its volume. Her herbarium cost us many a stain on some favorite page, but the gratification which the employment afforded her more than compensated it.

She read much, and always the best books. I think she never read a book of fiction.

The Bible was her constant companion : she never made a journey without taking it with her. For several years before her death, she annually read the Old Testament once through, and the New Testament twice. In reading the New Testament, Wesley's Notes, or Clarke's or Henry's Commentaries were constantly consulted upon obscure passages. She was not merely a Bible reader, but a Bible student. History, biography, and the religious poets, were her favorite studies. Of polemical authors, she read enough to obtain mature views of the great doctrinal peculiarities of the great religious denominations of the Protestant world.

Her turn of mind was much more sedate than was common to persons of her age. Her afflicted father, in a letter written after her death, re-

marks: "She was always in the habit of having seasons of sober thought, yet she was generally cheerful. She was much more inclined, when a child, to listen to reason, than are most children."

Her system of living is incidentally noted in the next extract from her papers:—

"April 9th, 1849. How rapidly time flies! It has not been wholly uselessly spent since I came to Lebanon. I have read and studied some, have prayed much, and during most of the time have been conscious of Divine favor. I have had many trials of faith and patience, and sometimes may perhaps have yielded to temptations, yet I trust my trials have resulted in strengthening and establishing me in the faith of the gospel of Christ. The gospel is pure, and demands holiness of all the followers of Christ. 'Onward, upward,' should be the watchwords with every child of grace. There are many means that may be used by the child of God to carry him forward on his pilgrimage heavenward: among these I have found the most profitable to be a daily perusal of God's holy book: this is my chart, compass, helm, and anchor; and no more can the Christian reach the port of peace without the Bible, than can the mariner guide his path across the trackless waste without chart and compass.

The second in value is a daily habit of self-examination ; and to do this the more thoroughly, it is well to make notes of daily experience, especially noting our trials, temptations, sorrows, and joys, and the occasion of them, that having before us the faults of one day, we can more thoroughly guard the weak point in the future. I had for some time before coming here practiced this, and found it profitable, but, for various reasons, for some time past I have neglected it. I now resolve to commence anew, and whilst I daily examine my heart, I will strive more constantly to make my life and Christian character more as they ought to be. I feel this evening like consecrating my all to God, to do whatever may seem to be his will, and go where his providence may seem to direct.”

The worldling may think and say, if happiness was her pursuit, she had much mistaken her way—that hers was any thing but a life of joy. “As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things,” are enigmas which he cannot solve : they are not mere paradoxes, but palpable contradictions. Very differently she judged. With all her circumspection, self-denial, watching, laboring, praying, every movement of

her person and feature of her face proclaimed that joy reigned in her bosom. Hers was

“A peace to sensual mind unknown—
A joy unspeakable.”

She had learned that

“A wise traveller goeth on cheerily, through fair weather or foul:
He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carrieth his
sunshine with him.”

She was never gloomy, though generally sedate, but cheerful; at times she possessed great exhilaration of feeling, and if unrestrained by the presence of strangers, she gave utterance to her merriment in loudest notes of praise: at such moments, and they were frequent, when only her own family were around her, the celerity of her movements and animation of her countenance, as she passed from object to object, made her appear more like an ethereal than a terrestrial being. In such a frame doubtless she wrote the following in her diary:

“May 13th. A pleasant, glorious Sabbath morning, doubly lovely. The sun, in majesty emerging from the eastern horizon, is rolling his proud car through the azure vault, smiling upon every sublunary object, and causing all to exult in his blest light, and the Sun of righteousness is shining upon the heart in mildest radiance, en-

livening the soul and infusing love to God and to all mankind. All nature is rejoicing and praising the Lord.

‘Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator’s praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?’

In all our Maker’s grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines:
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

Raised on devotion’s loftiest wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.’

“ Sabbath evening. My husband has returned from Shiloh, where he preached in the morning to an afflicted congregation, in consequence of the death of a most worthy member of the church, and of anxiety felt for friends on their way to California, among whom the dire cholera is raging. He brings the news of the death of the Rev. Davis Goheen, at Independence, Mo. He and his brother, Dr. Goheen, had started for the Pacific coast, and had reached Independence. There Davis was seized with the dreadful pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day, and in a few hours his feeble frame gave way, and he was in the dominions of the king of terrors.

We have no particulars, but without doubt he has gone to his rest. An invalid almost from his birth, still he has done more for the Church and the world than many of greater strength and more advantageously situated. It will be a severe blow to his dear aged mother. His infirmities had endeared him to her, and she was so opposed to his going: surely now she will feel that he was not in the way of Providence, and this will add intensity to her grief. May the Lord sustain her! In the midst of life we are in death.

“ May 15th. I have to-day commenced again to read the Bible through by course. I desire more than ever to be a Bible Christian—consistently pious at all times. Wavering, half-hearted Christians do more to reproach the cause of Christ than all the scoffers and infidels in the world. There is nothing in the Christian character that I so much admire as uniformity and simplicity: these are traits that ornament the man as well as the Christian. Affectation and display may attract the shallow-headed and fascinate the vulgar, but true dignity is clothed in simplicity. Flesh and blood never appeared in a more lovely form than in the meek Saviour. Sincerity and simplicity were his striking characteristics. Mary at the feet of Jesus, listening and learning, is

more dignified than Victoria swaying a sceptre over a proud realm.

“ May 16th. Still relying upon the arm of the Lord, and desiring to drink deeper and deeper of the waters of life.

‘ For thou of life the fountain art,
None else can give or take away:
O, may I find it in my heart,
And with me may it ever stay!
Thus may I drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness:
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace.’ ”

The summer of this year was calamitous in the region of her residence, beyond what any person at a distance can imagine. The dire cholera swept over the country like a tornado. Alarm was almost universal. Our own little village was graciously spared; but one of our citizens died, and that one not at home. As it was all around Lebanon, its advent was daily looked for among us. In St. Louis, during several weeks, upwards of one thousand deaths occurred weekly. On the 10th of July, one hundred and eighty-nine persons fell victims to the destroyer. At Belleville and Mascutah, small towns near us, the mortality in proportion to population was greater than in St. Louis.

This summer vacation at the college was to have been improved by Mrs. C. in a visit to her former home in the State of New York. The prevalence of sickness made it necessary to abandon the idea, and caused her to attempt to content herself at home. This she did without difficulty. Providence seemed to thwart her plans, and she cheerfully submitted to it. Her letters to her father and sister show how much she desired to see them; but they also show how meekly she submitted to the disappointment. With the exception of a short visit to the southern part of the State, she spent the long vacation at home, and much of it alone, as the interests of the college required that her husband should be employed in distant parts of the Conference. How she spent her lonely hours appears from a note in her diary:

“Sept. 6th, 1849. It is a cold but pleasant day. My husband is at Jacksonville to hear Bishop Janes’s address, and to aid in the services of laying the corner-stone of the Illinois Conference Female Academy. I desired to accompany him, and should have done so only for the absence of my sister, Mrs. Wentworth. I greatly rejoice in this undertaking. Female education has been, and is still, too little prized by the Church.

Never will woman hold her true position in society until educated to the same degree as man, whose companion she is designed to be. By an instinct which the Creator has given, man seeks the companionship of woman. Without her aid and smiles, his is a rugged path. She seems essential to his usefulness and happiness: being so, it is passing strange that men, even educated men, have done so little for her thorough education. I hope the noble example of the Illinois Conference will be followed by every Conference in our Church, that has not made provision already for female seminaries of the highest grade. For several days I have had only the company of my two little children. I have been rather lonely, though not unhappy. Indeed, I often find seclusion greatly beneficial to me. My time, after discharging my few domestic duties, has been spent in reading, writing, meditation, and prayer, and in all these exercises I have derived strength and spiritual comfort. I enjoy reading, I love to have time for composing, leisure moments I spend in meditation, and the delight of my soul is in prayer. 'Tis sweet to converse with Jesus when no human eye is present. O how blessed to know that he is near! To me he never seemed nearer than at present.

‘He lives to bless me with his love:
He lives to plead for me above:
He lives my hungry soul to feed:
He lives to help in time of need:
He lives my mansion to prepare:
He lives to bring me safely there:
He lives, all glory to his name:
He lives my Saviour still the same:
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.’

“September 12th. A day of peace and joy at home, but sad tidings from abroad. At two o’clock this afternoon, the Rev. A. J. Crandall, the schoolmate and early friend of my husband, in triumph passed from earth to Paradise. During his protracted sickness, his heart has been constantly occupied in the worship of God. At times his mind lost self-control. At these moments, he wonderfully exemplified ‘the ruling passion, strong in death.’ He would at these moments preach, pray, or sing with great animation of manner and propriety of language. A Roman Catholic lady, who had been awakened under his ministry, hearing of his illness, visited him on his dying-bed, and insisted on being admitted by him into the Church. He complied with her request, and admitted her as a probationer just before his death. He died as all ought to desire to die, with the praises of God

upon his lips. Turning to one near him he said, 'Brother! will you dismiss, or shall I?' and after a moment's pause, as though waiting for an answer, he lifted up his hands, and in a full distinct tone said, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen'—and immediately died. Surely he has ceased at once to work and live.

"September 14th. The remains of brother Crandall were brought here, for interment in our lovely cemetery. I attended the burial. His companion, sister Crandall, is sadly afflicted. Poor woman, what can she do? The burial was to me one of the most solemn that I ever witnessed. There was the widow, in feeble health, far from all her relatives: a group of little children, not one of them old enough to provide for himself: a weeping church, greatly attached to their minister, whose labors among them had been greatly blessed. As I listened to the description of his victory over the great enemy, and the calmness of his spirit as he passed down to the Jordan of death, my heart was encouraged. The peace of God filled my heart. I was very sorry that my husband was not at home to sympathize with this deeply afflicted family, but he is engaged in the work of the Lord, and I must be content.

"September 15th. I have enjoyed a peaceful

day. I have felt that the presence of my best friend, my guide, my ruler, my king, my Christ, my all in all, has been with me. His Spirit dwells in my heart, leading me on to full salvation. Without his presence, how dark, sad, and lonely would my spirit be! Sister Crandall and her friends left this morning to return to St. Louis. Her case is most melancholy. But she trusts in the widow's God. His death, so soon after coming West, will no doubt prove a trial to her faith. But whether he was or was not in the way of duty must be decided by other tests than this sad result. The best of men are often taken away, and, as short-sighted mortals would think, before their work was done. By a thousand occurrences does God teach us that none are essential to him. The work can go on though the workmen fall. The redemption of India did not require Dr. Coke—Africa could be illuminated without a Cox—Methodism could spare her most energetic bishop, the amiable Emory—God took them when to human view they were very necessary to the Church. In these and in a thousand other cases,

‘Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.’

To-morrow is the Sabbath, and I feel as though it would be a holy day of the Lord. My soul longs for the courts of the Lord.

“September 16th, Sabbath evening. This morning I heard a sermon by father Peoples: he seemed much in the Spirit, the congregation was serious, and I trust good was done. In the evening brother B. preached upon our relations and duties to God—a great theme—who can fully comprehend it? The sermon was plain and practical, and the captious might say commonplace, but the Christian could be profited. When I think of my duties to my great Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, I am humbled to the dust to think how far I fall short. Yet my mind and heart is stayed upon him. He is my strength and my hope. I want to grow in grace continually. I would that the Church were groaning after holiness. How strange that the things of this brief life, which are but for a moment, should so absorb our time and interests that our souls’ eternal welfare should be neglected! My mind during the day has been much upon the low state of religion in this town. Sin and infidelity abound here. The heart of the Christian can but be pained. My soul has wrestled with God in prayer, that he would so overrule at the

approaching Conference that a minister of ability, of faith and zeal may be sent to minister to this people—one who shall have influence and moral power to overcome the strong influence of wicked men here. Intemperance and all its kindred vices abound. The town has neither a church nor a school-house, but it has several *groceries*. During every winter that we have been here there has been a fine revival in the college. The chapel has been opened for worship for weeks at a time frequently, and scores have been converted. But what shall take hold of this town? O that God would interpose to save these hardened sinners from ruin! His power alone can effect this work. Some of them have long withstood his grace, and are hardened in iniquity."

Strong attachment to friends was one of Mrs. Cummings's marked characteristics, and yet she completely subordinated this strong impulse to the claims of duty. The interests of the college frequently demanded the presence of her husband in distant parts of the State. His vacations were spent in travelling through the State and lecturing upon the interests of education, and the claims and necessities of the college in which he was laboring. He was frequently absent for weeks at a time. To appreciate the sacrifices in-

volved in these absences, it should be known that they occurred during what is called "the sickly season." August and September, in Illinois, are sickly months: chills and fever, and bilious fever, are evils which in southern and central Illinois none can hope to escape, especially no one from the Northern States. During no year of the writer's residence in that region did his family wholly escape these scourges. Of the absence of her husband did Mrs. Cummings never complain, though there is good evidence that she felt it keenly. She says:

"September 28th. My husband has returned this evening. He has been absent five weeks. The time has passed tardily with me. I have often felt very lonely and sad. But I would never have him remain at home when he is so much needed abroad, and duty so clearly requires his absence. When he left he was much debilitated and very feeble. This greatly increased my solicitude. But I knew that God would watch over him. He returns improved in health, and much pleased with his long and toilsome trip. Truly the Lord is merciful to us: I will consecrate myself anew to him.

"November 2d, 1849, Friday evening The Lord still deigns to bless me with his presence.

My confidence never was stronger, nor hope brighter. I mourn that my life is not more useful. I would labor as well as live for God. When shall I begin, and how proceed? How apt is the deceived heart to say, "There are four months, and then cometh the harvest." A great mistake: the fields are now white, ready to harvest. Lord, help me to "thrust in the sickle and reap." If I were more holy, I should be more able to do the work of the Lord. My husband has left this morning on business of the college. May the overshadowing presence of God be with him, and make him successful.

"November 27th. I pant after God continually. This evening I attended class, and enjoyed it much. I was greatly blessed, and felt an increased desire to have my heart wholly imbued with Divine love. The language of my heart was, Why not now? I am conscious that all I have is given up to the Lord. I am crucified with Christ."

CHAPTER IX.

Public duties—Custom in Illinois—A trial not to feel free to take part in prayer-meetings—Scriptural practice—Her views on the subject—Diary—Revival at Shiloh—Want of personal holiness the great hindrance to revivals—In Eastern States, females pray in prayer-meetings—Always employed—Her call not extraordinary—The real strength of the Church.

Light of the world! thy beams I bless!
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.
Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given:
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

FROM the period of her conversion, until coming to Lebanon, Mrs. Cummings had been accustomed to pray in prayer-meetings, and, whenever opportunity offered, she had been in the habit of publicly speaking of her religious state.

Custom in Illinois did not favor the practice of ladies taking so public a part: here, none prayed, except called upon by the leader of the meeting. Ladies were seldom invited to pray, except at

camp-meetings, or when no males were present. In the class-room, and at love-feasts, were almost the only occasions on which their voices were heard in the worship of God.

The practice of thus closing their lips, she felt to be unscriptural, oppressive to females, and injurious to the Church. To submit to it was for a season a great trial to her. Of a very retiring disposition, no one who knew her could possibly suspect that she did any thing for display. Her feelings in relation to public duties were not the offspring of pride, or a desire to be seen or heard, but the result of a strong conviction of duty. She was not alone in believing that much of the dulness in the prayer-meetings, and of the instability in religious duties, so alarmingly prevalent in this country, would be overcome by a different practice.

She felt that the requirement to confess Christ before men has no reference to sex, and she was persuaded that those women who labored with Paul in the gospel, performed *some public* religious duties. She never felt that it was her duty to preach, or even to exhort publicly, but she did feel that it was both her duty and privilege to pray in the prayer-meeting; and when there was time, and on suitable occasions,

even before the world to speak of God's great goodness to her soul. Her feelings and views on this subject are exhibited in the next extract from her diary :

“ Nov. 28th. I accompanied my husband to Shiloh, where he preached to a large and interested congregation. The Lord is there graciously reviving his work. Sinners are pleading for mercy, and converts are rejoicing in a Saviour's love lately shed abroad in their hearts. It appears to me that nothing there is lacking to have a very extensive revival but faithful labor. The altar was thronged with penitents : I think about thirty were professedly seeking religion. But O what a lack of laborers ! Truly, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few. At the risk of being thought forward, I was constrained to go and kneel with penitents of my own sex, and in my feeble way endeavored to lead them to the Saviour. There are but few females in this country who are willing publicly to do any thing for Christ. I can make all needful allowances for early notions and habits, but I cannot think the usage here right. And I wonder why the ministry do not lift up their voices against so pernicious a practice. What is here interpreted modesty, is, I fear, a want of love for souls, and a

fear of the cross. I am sure that such modesty is not authorized by the Holy Scriptures, or the example of the primitive Church, or of Methodism. The Saviour said, ' Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father and the holy angels ; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels.' The masculine pronoun is here employed, but it is doubtless expressive of a general truth, applicable alike to all, whether male or female. The sacred word also informs us how confession is to be made : not, as some would contend, merely by the life, but ' with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' To me, it seems not only right, but highly appropriate, that when females present themselves at the altar for prayer, the sisters in the church should labor and pray with and for them. At this meeting, my heart was pained, as it often is, by the course pursued on this subject. My heart mourns over the feebleness of my own faith and the faith of others. Still I find that my soul is stayed upon God in constant trust. A want of personal holiness in Christians is the great cause of the languishing condition of religion. David said, ' If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' By

which I presume we are to understand, if I consent to iniquity, sin being in my heart, that is, if I am not constantly struggling against it, and groaning after perfect love, the Lord will not hear my prayers, either for myself or others. Here we have it. The amount of personal holiness is the measure of our usefulness. Never shall we witness those mighty displays of awakening grace that our fathers witnessed, until we have on the whole armor of God. When we have as much holiness as they had, we shall be as active and as useful. I hope to see the time when the Church will be generally aroused, and thoroughly aroused, to the importance of this work."

At Lebanon, there were a few sisters who viewed this subject as Mrs. Cummings did, and adopted the same course. She always prayed when called upon, and as often as opportunity offered she spoke of her religious enjoyment. Those who have had the same opportunities for observing the effect of female influence and of female labor in seasons of revival, and in sustaining prayer-meetings, that Mrs. C. had had, or that the writer has had, must view the subject as she did, and as he does. In most of the Eastern States, the prayer-meeting derives much of

its interest from the labors of pious women; and all the social means of grace are mainly kept up by ladies. At about the date of the last extract, an article appeared in the Illinois Christian Advocate, edited in part by her husband, more fully exhibiting her views on this subject; from which the following is extracted:

“FEMALE LABORERS.

“‘Those women which labored with me in the gospel’—Paul—Phil. iv. 2.

“‘Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus’—Paul—Rom. xvi. 2.

“From these and other references, we infer that Christian females in the apostolic Church were active agents in the work of the Lord. What their peculiar duties were is left mostly to inference. We readily conclude that they did not publicly preach or administer discipline in the Church. Their labors were, doubtless, of the private and social kind, confined to the family circle and the prayer-meetings, and especially in visiting and praying with those of their own sex. The customs of the time gave the apostles but little opportunity to labor especially for the benefit of females. Women were shut from the gaze of men. This made the labors of pious females

the more necessary. Dr. Clarke supposes that they preached the gospel in private circles. In our Church, the right and duty of females to exercise their gifts in prayer and exhortation, in the love-feasts, class and prayer-meetings, has always been maintained, and especially in times of revival have their labors at the altar with seekers of religion been deemed essential in most places in the Church. When we see a number of females at the altar as seekers of religion, and notice that the sisters in the church do not go forward to labor with them, we are sickened with the pride and fastidiousness of the times, and blush for Methodism. We never knew an extensive revival of religion where many females were not embraced in it; and we never knew many females converted, when there were not praying women at the altar to encourage and instruct them. Tell me where there are extensive and constant revivals, and I will tell you where there are working females. Tell me where female voices are not heard in the prayer-meetings and love-feasts, and I will tell you where the Church is in a languishing state. These things always go together; and if the day comes when public opinion—I mean opinion in the Church—shuts the mouths of females in the

social meetings, then will be inscribed on all our altars, ICHABOD. Revivals and religious zeal are now too periodical, and will so continue until the whole Church, male and female, are thoroughly aroused to feel their responsibilities in reference to the salvation of souls. ‘Instant in season and out of season,’ in laboring for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, must become the rule of action, or the triumphs of the devil will be perpetuated. If sinners were only at stated periods in danger of death and perdition, then periodical efforts for revivals might more fully meet the necessities of the case ; but it is not so : hell’s doors are never shut, and God’s claims are constant and as immutable as his love. If the glory of God and the salvation of souls may in any degree be promoted by the prayers and public efforts of pious females, will they, can they, dare they remain silent and inactive ? Dare they allow a false modesty or an erroneous public sentiment to close their mouths ? Their benevolence and piety say no.”

Such were the feelings and such the spirit of this heavenly-minded woman. She seemed constantly under the impression of the brevity of time, and to feel that every moment should be employed in the service of God.

“With her no melancholy void,
No moment lingered unemployed
Or unimproved below:
Her weariness of life was gone,
She lived to serve her God alone,
And only Christ to know.”

She was “always employed, and never triflingly employed.” Her labors were necessarily restricted to a narrow field, but who shall say that on that account they were less important?

Her call was not extraordinary—she was not called to do the work that Mrs. Fletcher performed. Nor did she feel that she was called to do the work that her husband was endeavoring to perform. Her opportunities, her talents, her call, were only such as every earnest Christian may have. She had no more zeal for the conversion of sinners or the building up of Zion than every Christian should feel. She possessed no more fervor of spirit than ought every Christian to possess; and no more than every Christian will have whose heart is as much in harmony with Christ and the gospel as was hers.

But if such zeal and holy living were universal in the Church, what results would immediately ensue! The jubilee of heaven would soon be proclaimed. The banner of Immanuel would soon wave in glorious triumph from every moun-

tain-top, and every valley of earth would reverberate with shouts of salvation. The kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ. The car of salvation now moves tardily, its wheels drag heavily along, in consequence of the unfaithfulness of the Church.

In many things the Church possesses great efficiency at the present day. In the cause of missions her zeal is highly commendable. For education and general benevolence she is making liberal appropriations and doing nobly. In giving, she far outstrips herself even. But how is it in holy living? How in regard to Methodists? That Methodists give more than formerly, none can doubt. But do Methodists pray more? Are they more cross-bearing? Is there more holy zeal to save souls? Here is the lack, if anywhere. The Methodist Church is becoming, or rather has become, rich in the possession of every worldly advantage. She has great men, and wise men, and educated men, and men of great pecuniary resources, and of each she has a large proportion compared with other Churches. That she should contribute largely to all good enterprises, is only what worldly policy and pride would dictate. Let her never estimate her

strength by these. Her real power is in her faith, and zeal, and deadness to the world, and heart-holiness. With all else, without deep, personal piety, holiness in her members, she is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Though she could speak with tongues, and could prophesy, and cast out devils, without love she is nothing. This is true of the whole Church, and of every member composing it. Reader, take heed lest there be in thee a heart of unbelief, that shall turn every thing to a curse, and thy soul into hell.



CHAPTER X.

Reflections upon the year 1849—Diary—Revival in the college—Most of the students converted—Two remarkable answers to prayer—A singular case of awakening—Eight years seeking the evidence of holiness—Evidence imparted—Diary—Death of J. W. Carter and James R. Curlee—An affecting scene—Remarks upon the revival—Her interest in the students—Letter to Mrs. Baldwin.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seemed a year,
And years like passing ages.
When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?
It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding?
When one by one our friends are gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding.

T. CAMPBELL.

THE year 1849 closed up in the spirit of entire devotion to God. The last night she attended church, but the meeting closed at ten o'clock, and she and a few friends repaired to her room, and devoted the two remaining hours to praise and prayer. She entered the following the next day in her diary:

“January 1st, 1850. Another year has gone.

How swiftly have its months glided away to eternity ! With the swiftly passing year, millions have gone to their fearful accounts. Many have gone rejoicing, to enter upon that blessed rest which the Saviour has promised to them that die in the Lord ; but others—O, how many !—have gone to the regions of wailing. What a solemn thing to die !—to leave this fair earth, to bid adieu to friends, to terminate probation, to enter upon a state beyond which there is no change, no redeeming the past, no turning to God ; but O, who can describe how awful a thing it is to die in sin ! to be hurried into the presence of a justly offended God ! Alas ! alas ! Let me not know of the more than horrible emotions of those who die without God.

‘How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions !

•
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement ;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
On all she’s leaving—now no longer hers !
A little longer ; yet a little longer ;
O ! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ! and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,

Pursues her close, through every lane of life ;
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.'

Thank Heaven for a hope beyond death !

"January 12th. To-day our quarterly meeting has commenced. There is a prospect of good being done. Since the year began, I have continually felt a firm and unshaken confidence in God. My feet are on the Rock of eternal ages.

"January 13th. In the morning I attended love-feast. It was a precious season : melting streams of mercy fell plentifully upon the hearts of the people : my joy was full. The sermon that followed was good—well if all follow its admonitions—fearful to meet without improvement that sermon at the bar of God, as I fear some will.

"January 20th. I have written but little since the year commenced ; but I have been striving more fully to glorify God in all things. At every step I find hindrances to advancement : the enemy contests every inch of ground ; yet by the power of grace I can, I will, I do overcome. I often feel in my heart to praise God for the peace I enjoy, and for the faith I can exercise in

the promises of the gospel. I am more and more impressed with the greatness of the Christian's privileges, even in this life; and yet it doth not appear what we shall be, but when he shall appear we 'shall be like him.' O, how rich the thought, shall be like *him*—like him who is the chief among ten thousand, *altogether lovely*. The greatest condemnation I have ever felt since I professed religion, has been for living beneath my privileges. I feel that I can walk in the highway of holiness, and live above the pathway of storms, but I am too often on the low lands, and allow little things to afflict me. For the past week the Lord has been reviving his work in the college. Many souls have been converted, and the work is progressing and widening in influence. Last night one soul was sanctified, and others are groaning after the blessing. When this work becomes general, but little effort will be required to bring sinners to Christ. While there is so much discrepancy between the faith and practice of Christians, I wonder not that infidelity triumphs."

In the last extract Mrs. Cummings referred to a gracious work of revival with which the college and town were blessed during that winter. Every year a revival had been enjoyed, but this was far

the most powerful that the college had witnessed. The work spread rapidly: during one week nearly all the irreligious students became the subjects of awakening grace, and most of them were converted.

The most interesting feature in the revival, and that which gave it character, was the extraordinary spirit of prayer that pervaded many hearts, and the remarkable interpositions of Divine Providence for the awakening and salvation of sinners. Three instances will be named for the edification and encouragement of those who labor for souls.

A student had for several days been burdened in spirit for three young men. For their awakening he prayed incessantly, and several times he went to other persons whom he believed to be much under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and requested them to meet with him in prayer for these young men. On Sabbath, the 27th of January, his burden became almost too great to be borne. He had often spoken to them, but with little apparent success. He requested his roommate, as he left the public service in the chapel, to allow him to use their room alone the remainder of the day. While others went to dinner, he repaired to his room, locked the door,

determining to admit no one, and spend the day in wrestling with God in prayer for these students. They knew nothing of his exercises, nor did any one else. He bowed before God, and determined not to arise until an answer should be given. There were four other rooms in the building occupied by students: several of these students and others at different times during the afternoon knocked at his door for admission. He made no reply, but continued his suit before God. For four or five hours his struggle continued. At length he felt that he was answered. At that moment a rap was heard at his door: he instantly opened it, expecting to meet some of those for whom he had been praying. Two of them were at the door, bathed in tears. They had come to ask him to go to the room of the third, to pray for them. He went, and one of them in a few minutes was converted. The others were earnestly seeking, and one of them in some degree blessed.

To those who disbelieve in especial and direct answers to prayer, here is a case worthy of their consideration. How did it occur that these three young men were so especially laid upon this Christian student? How was it that they were all at the same time brought under such powerful awakening? How did it happen that they

were all together at that time? They roomed in three separate buildings. How did they happen to feel that the prayers of this individual would be a blessing more than others equally pious and much nearer them? How did they happen to go for him at the very time that his burden was removed? As he had refused to open his door to all previous applicants, how did he happen to open it when they came, without a moment's delay? There is but one solution: God was in it all.

A second case relates to Mrs. Cummings.

There was in the college one student for whom during previous revivals much interest had been felt. He had once professed religion: few, however, had any confidence in his professions. Indeed, his conduct had greatly deprived him of the confidence of his associates in every thing. At the beginning of this revival, it was a sort of understanding that it would be most judicious to say little to him, and if possible cause him to feel that his conduct had greatly lessened him in the esteem and confidence of all around him. To the course taken Mrs. Cummings objected on several occasions, in conversation with members of the faculty and some of the influential students. On one night he was noticed to leave the

church in the midst of the service. He was absent for some time; at length he came in as if impelled by some irresistible influence, and rushed immediately to the altar, and bowed among the seekers of religion, and apparently in the greatest distress commenced crying for mercy, as though he was sinking into hell. Some believed that he had been prompted by others to take this course, and that it was all a feint. For some time he was left mostly to himself; at length some approached him, and in conversation were convinced of his sincerity, and saw that his feelings were very deep. He professed religion during the night.

Mrs. Cummings was not at church. As soon as the writer entered her room she inquired, "Was H. at the altar?" The writer responded, "Why do you think that he was?" She replied, "I am confident he was, and he will be converted!" She said that after the family had all gone, she concluded, as she was necessarily detained from the house of worship, that she would devote the time to prayer for a blessing on the services on that occasion. Her mind was at once directed to this young man: she thought of his parents, their deep interest in his salvation, of his dangerous condition, and of the willingness of the Redeemer

to save him, as unworthy and wicked as he was. Her feelings became entirely absorbed in his condition and salvation. She prayed that he might be induced to go forward that night. This she would take as an evidence that her prayer was heard. She struggled in spirit until she felt that an answer was given, and that he would be converted. The circumstances were so arranged as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the writer that here was an immediate, direct, and positive answer to prayer. None who knew him doubted the genuineness of the work of salvation upon the heart of that young man. He fell again into sin after a few months, but never to the extent as before. Of his ultimate salvation we can know nothing. He may die in rebellion against Heaven, and perish in his folly, but he will doubtless feel that the "kingdom of God was brought nigh unto him." He never knew how earnestly and believably his case, while yet in sin and thoughtlessness, was presented to the throne of heavenly mercy, nor the means by which he was almost irresistibly brought back to the church on that occasion, and impelled by his strong emotions to go to the altar of prayer.

During her life the circumstance was never mentioned. This and the preceding case are now

recorded, as the persons to whom they relate have both exchanged prayer for praise, as encouragements to believers to ask believingly in prayer for the awakening and salvation of sinners, and especially for those whom the Spirit lays as a burden upon the souls of his praying ones.

Another instance is here recorded that occurred during this meeting, which is not without instruction to the Christian. In the town of L. resided a lady who was not only very wicked, but a scoffer at sacred things. She had long hindered her husband in attending to his soul's welfare. On a certain night, she and her family were preparing to go to church. She was full of mirth and derision, especially in regard to those who went forward for prayers. As she left her house, in reply to her sneers one remarked, "Perhaps you will go forward to-night?" Her reply was in substance, "No, I am not so great a fool as that." They entered the chapel. The minister who was to preach that night had been for some hours in his study, arranging a discourse that he deemed, in view of his intimate knowledge of the congregation, appropriate to the occasion. As he entered the house, the impression was made upon his mind that his subject was inappropriate. With this feeling he entered the pulpit. He spent some

minutes in reasoning with himself on the case. He could see nothing in the condition of the assembly that favored his impression, and he determined to proceed according to his plan. With this view he selected a hymn appropriate to his intended discourse. It was sung. He prayed. His impression all the time strengthening that his selection was unsuitable. While a second hymn was sung, he attempted to fix upon something else, but without success. The singing closed. He arose with great embarrassment. He had a written plan before him containing the outline of the sermon which he had intended to deliver, but he felt that he could say nothing upon that subject, and he had no other in mind. Hoping to dispel his embarrassment, and to be able to concentrate his thoughts again upon the subject arranged, he explained to the congregation his feelings. While speaking, a text was with great distinctness brought to his mind entirely unlike the one selected. He had no recollection of its connections or where found. He knew it was the word of God, and at once commenced the discussion of its doctrines. An impression was instantly fastened upon the mind of the lady referred to that the Holy Spirit had arranged all this for her: that the text and the sermon were

to her, and that her last offer of grace was now made—that she must now repent or perish. At the close of the sermon, under great excitement of mind and deep convictions for sin, she came to the altar. After an earnest and powerful struggle, she was converted. She and her husband soon after joined the Church.

Here of human wisdom there was none. Every step was contrary to human forecast and decision. All was combined and arranged by the Holy Spirit to effect a particular object. It was evidently so to all, “that no flesh should glory in his presence.”

The revival progressed gloriously. Mrs. Cummings attended nearly every public meeting. She lost no suitable opportunity that offered for conversing with the irreligious, and of endeavoring to persuade them to turn to the Saviour. She was active at the altar, and as often as an opportunity was given she engaged in vocal prayer. About sixty were hopefully converted, and a goodly number sanctified.

The reader has noticed that for about eight years Mrs. Cummings had been praying for the evidence of perfect love. That she was in constant communion with Heaven, all who knew her life and spirit believed; but she sought the

direct witness. On the 27th of January of this year, the witness was imparted to her in great clearness, and never again lost. Every day, to the close of her brief life, she was enabled to feel that Christ was hers, and that she was entirely his. Her references to her condition were always in great humility, and only when circumstances seemed to require it. On the day before named she made the following memorandum in her diary :

“ Still the Lord is with his people here. His work is progressing. During the week several have been converted, and some have been sanctified. Others still groan for the blessing. O that this may be the day of full salvation to their souls ! This morning I attended an extra love-feast meeting that had been appointed for the benefit of those especially who had recently been enabled to believe. I was greatly blessed in the use of the means of grace. My heart was filled with praise to God. I have long been seeking to regain the witness that love was perfected in my heart. Yesterday I felt that I had given up all to Christ, that an entire consecration was made, that all was on the altar, and I only waited for the heavenly baptism. I went to the love-feast looking for the blessing : my confidence was

strong that it would be given. I expected it continually, and I bless God it was imparted. My heart greatly rejoiced. Glory to his name.

'O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies!
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store:
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.'"

The season of rejoicing at the gracious visitation upon the college had not abated when misfortune came. Two of the students who had been the most active and useful in the revival, were seized with sudden sickness, and after a contest of a few days with disease, they died, and were interred in the same grave. Mrs. Cummings made the following mention of the event:

"Feb. 17th. The college is shrouded in mourning. On Friday the 15th, John W. Carter, a devotedly pious young man, who entered a few months ago, passed from this to the spirit-land. He was sick but six days, and this morning was thought to be out of danger. His death was unlooked for by all, and probably by himself. He was, however, found in readiness: no one questions that he was fully prepared. At the time of brother Carter's death, another student, James

R. Curlee, was very sick: much prayer was offered for his recovery, but it pleased the Lord to take him. He died at half-past twelve o'clock this morning. His career has been brief but brilliant: he has died to live: he has ended an earthly to enter upon a heavenly career. He was active, amiable, talented, and truly pious. He was greatly beloved by all. All weep his sudden departure. They were laid side by side in the same grave. It has been a day of gloom and sorrow. My husband preached the funeral sermon of Brother Carter this morning, and President Wentworth preached the other this afternoon. The day has been devoted to the burying the dead. It was indeed an affecting scene. The whole college is in affliction. Sorrow has cast a shadow over all minds here. I hope in God that this bereavement may be sanctified to the good of souls. All must realize the importance of being ready to die. These young men were stricken down suddenly. A few days of sickness wasted their bodies and deprived them of life. Sudden as were their deaths, they were not unprepared. They were laborious, faithful Christians. No other voices were more frequently or fervently heard in prayer. They have ceased at

once to work and live. Mr. Curlee's death was very triumphant. My husband was with him to the last, and with great joy witnessed his great peace, and even triumph, at the prospect which awaited him.

‘Our friend has gone before,
To that celestial shore :
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode :
Found the rest we toiled to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

Thou in thy youthful prime
Hast leaped the bounds of time :
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo ! we now rejoice for thee !
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.’

“Monday, Feb. 18th. The fatigues of the Sabbath are over, and quiet and calmness reigns. Sadness still lingers on every brow. Surely the Lord is visiting us in judgment. For several weeks he has visited in mercy. A large number in the college and several in the community were converted. A few refused the offers of mercy. How graciously they are spared, while the Saviour calls to himself those who are fully prepared ! O that the goodness of God might lead them to repentance ! We have had several deaths in the college within four years, but as yet we have

been spared the agony of witnessing the death of an irreligious student. Of all who have died we have good hope."

These extracts show how much interest Mrs. Cummings felt in whatever pertained to the interests of the college. For every student she felt the interest of a sister; especially was she interested in those who were pursuing their studies under difficulties, as a means of usefulness. More than one such had the most substantial evidence of her interest in his welfare. When a student was sick, all in her house was at his service, and often did she go to their rooms to see that they did not lack attention.

This seems the proper place to insert a note to a friend, relating to the subjects of the last few pages. We had desired to enrich these pages by a considerable number of her letters, but as yet but few have been obtained, and these were written to her near relatives, and contain but little of general interest. She found in this distant State so much that was new to her in the customs of the people, and in her own circumstances, that in writing her near relatives, where all restraint was laid aside, she said much of these things. All her letters evince love to God and charity to mankind.

LETTER TO MRS. B., OF EMERALD MOUND.

“Feb. 26, 1850.

“DEAR SISTER B.: You may think it strange that I write you; but if an apology is necessary, I only say that my anxiety to hear from you induces me to write. It seems a long time since I saw you. I have often wished that you were here, that I might enjoy your company and conversation. Society I enjoy at all times, but more especially the society of Christians, in which there are both interest and profit.

“Various are the circumstances by which we have been surrounded since you were here. The Lord has visited us both in *mercy* and in *judgment*. In mercy he was plenteous. Showers of grace seemed to descend upon the people. It was indeed a powerful time. I never was in a revival where there was so much deep feeling as universally diffused as it was here. Between fifty and sixty were converted and joined the Church, some of them students and some from the town. There was more feeling upon the subject of holiness of heart than I had before seen since we came here. It would have gratified you to have witnessed the deep groanings of soul for entire purity of heart. Some obtained the direct witness of the Spirit with their spirit that

they were fully renewed in the image of God. Others were greatly blessed, though not quite willing to believe it was entire sanctification. O! I praise God with my whole heart when I reflect upon what he has done. It will be impossible in this world to know how great an amount of good has been accomplished, but doubtless many will praise God in eternity for the blessings received during this revival. I often wished, during its progress, that you and your family were here to share in its benefits. This privilege you were denied, but no doubt you received precious blessings at home.

“But, in the midst of prosperity, adversity came. The season of special mercy had scarcely passed when affliction came. Almost immediately two students were taken sick, and in a few days died. At this occurrence the whole college was shrouded in gloom. While we sorrow that they should die here, far from their homes and friends, it is a matter of rejoicing that those were taken who were prepared. Awful indeed would it have been if some of those had been taken who had resisted the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit which had rested upon them during this revival! There was not a single student who was not deeply convicted, but there

were some who strove against those convictions, and said to the Spirit, 'Go thy way for this time.' Those who died were deeply pious, and in this we rejoice. They were buried in the college cemetery, side by side.

"Write at such times as we cannot see each other. Yours affectionately,

"F. A. CUMMINGS."



CHAPTER XI.

Opens a Seminary in Lebanon—Female education—Prompted by duty—Secures a good teacher—Continued the school until her death—Letter from one of her pupils—Death of Newton Williams—Reflections thereon—His character—Diary continued—Birth and death of a son—Drawing nearer the throne—President Wentworth resigns—Her husband elected to fill the vacancy—Heathen world—Determines to give more to the cause of Missions.

From heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers:
Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call:
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal;
And, softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

MONTGOMERY.

MRS. CUMMINGS will now be presented to the reader as a teacher of youth and as a manager of a school. The people of Lebanon had long felt the need of a good school for young ladies in the town. The facilities for male education seemed to make the deficiency in the provision for the education of ladies the more apparent. A large number of young ladies were growing up who

must be educated at home, or most of them remain destitute of education.

Mrs. Cummings had long felt a deep interest in the subject of female education. She felt that society at large had more at stake in the right direction of female minds than in that of the minds of the other sex. She longed to see the day when the community should view the subject in a proper light. Seeing but little prospect of a female seminary being opened in Lebanon by others, she determined to engage in it herself. As she expected her sister, Mrs. Wentworth, to remain permanently at Lebanon, her family presented but a small obstacle to such an undertaking.

A building was secured and fitted up under her direction, and at her expense, and on the 3d of April she opened the school. Her sister-in-law took charge of the juvenile department, while she for a time did all the teaching in the advanced department. The school opened promisingly. The following extracts from her papers exhibit her feelings in her new undertaking.

“ Wednesday, April 3d. To-day I have opened in Lebanon a seminary for young ladies. I trust the enterprise will advance the cause of the Re-

deemer by the dissemination of useful knowledge. I commence it in the name of Christ."

Again she refers to this subject :

" May 9th. Mr. Cummings left this morning for St. Louis, Mo., to witness for a few days the doings of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I should have thought it a great privilege to have accompanied him, and would have done so, but for the seminary. I am not willing to do any thing which shall in the least retard the progress of the school. In deciding to assume this responsibility, but one consideration prompted me—that was duty. I believed this to be the path of duty, and my mind is still unchanged. My labors are exceedingly fatiguing, yet I am sustained by an energy of mind that often surprises me. I am constantly happy and cheerful amidst my labors. A good school we must have. I am resolved that no effort shall be wanting on my part to insure success."

She was soon much relieved by the arrival of a highly competent teacher, who took her place in the recitation room. Still, the oversight and pecuniary responsibility of the school were entirely upon her. She was often very much perplexed

in sustaining the enterprise, but never discouraged. The school was doing good. While sure of this, she felt that, however laborious or vexatious, she must not abandon it until others would take her place. After her sister left the country, a double responsibility rested upon her, but she pressed on, and sustained the school until her death. The following letter from one of her pupils, shows in what light she was held by one of those for whose benefit she labored. This letter was written after learning of the death of Mrs. Cummings.

“WATERLOO, March 28th, 1852.

“DR. CUMMINGS:—Dear Sir: Having been a pupil in the school of the much-lamented Mrs. Cummings, and for some time a member of your family, I do not deem it improper to indite you these few lines, expressing my sympathy for yourself and family, and thoughts of the dear departed one. When first the sad news reached me, it appeared to me as an unwelcome dream, which would soon vanish. I could not imagine that she under whose watchful care some of my happiest school-days were passed, whose hallowed influence yet sheds its bright halo over my pathway, had passed from time to eternity; but stern reality resumed her sway, and whispered in soft accents, ‘Death

loves a shining mark,' and bade me remember that the brightest flowers of earth are the quickest to fade.

“ When we look around upon this sin-stricken world, and by chance discover one whose character so clearly develops true Christian principles as the late Mrs. Cummings, we can but wish them to remain with us, that their example may be a bright and shining light to those who throng their pathway; but I have always believed that the Christian may arrive to that perfected state when it can be no longer permitted to remain on earth. By constant prayer, acts of benevolence, love to all mankind, and living a life devoted to God, the soul becomes purified, and the casket of clay which holds it to earth bursts asunder, and the sanctified spirit soars to the blest regions above. Such principles were purely developed in my much-lamented friend. Did sorrow weigh upon the spirit? her gentle and affectionate tones were ever ready to afford a healing balm: did affliction and poverty visit the child of misfortune? her generous heart was there to give the needed aid, and soothe the anguished spirit; and did joy and peace reign around? she too could participate, and happiness would beam in every expression of her countenance.

“It seems as though it were wrong to mourn departed friends, when we think of the happiness bestowed on them by the transition. Our portion in this life is sorrow and trouble: the hand of disease is laid upon those we love: the friends we deemed most true are estranged from us by the palsying touch of envy and discord. Such is life; and though our human affections would recall the loved ones that have passed away, yet the pleasing reflection should be, they are happy; and though we are prisoned to earth and the departed seems lost to us, this life will soon end, and should the approving smile of God rest upon our last agony, we may look forward to a happy reunion above.

“As no particle of matter will ever cease to exist until the Power which created destroys, so no thought, however trifling, will ever be lost: each word and act hath its mission either for good or evil, and we must not think, because it is a trifle, it will be for ever forgotten, for it will hereafter arise from its slumbering-place, and its influence be exerted either for good or for evil. This is a cheering thought, when I look back and review the character of my departed friend. O, how I treasure her endearing words of advice which she so often bestowed on me! In my

waywardness, I did not then appreciate them ; yet they were not forgotten : they now stand upon memory's tablet in all their freshness, as if their lines were drawn but yesterday, and I trust they will be the means in the hands of God of my joining her in heaven.

“ I deeply sympathize with yourself and family in your bereavement ; but for your motherless children I can most truly shed the tear of pity, for such was my lot : from childhood's hour I have never known the kind love and affection of a mother. Though friends with their kind assiduities have always clustered around me, yet they could not supply the place of one beneath the ground. Though dark clouds now overshadow the pathway of yourself and family, may they soon dispel ; and when the angel of death shall summon you all, may husband and children be reunited to her whose loss they now so deeply mourn. With sentiments of esteem and respect, I remain your friend,

“ VIRGINIA TALBOTT.”

Miss Talbott was the only one of Mrs. Cuming's pupils at a distance, and consequently the only one in circumstances to give *such* evidence of attachment to her and veneration of her cha-

racter. She was not less esteemed or loved by many others. The people of Lebanon always refer to her labors in this department in language showing that by them her efforts and sacrifices were fully appreciated.

From this time till near the close of her life, Mrs. C. increased the frequency of her memorandums of religious experience and of passing occurrences. Those of most interest, and such as most illustrate her character, can alone be inserted. The next records an event among the most painful in the life of the writer, and which deeply affected Mrs. C. and all connected with the college.

A student who had reached within four weeks the termination of his college course, was in a moment hurled into eternity. He was deeply pious, of great amiableness of character, and great promise to the Church. In four weeks more he would have received his diploma, well-earned by long, hard study. In a few weeks more he expected to enter upon the duties of an itinerant minister. He had preached on the previous Sabbath his first and only sermon. Expectation was high in regard to him, but in a moment every earthly hope was destined to

perish: he had reached the bound of his appointed habitation: he could go no farther.

While the Scriptures give no support to the idea that every act of human beings is necessary, and in obedience to an unchangeable decree of the Almighty, they do teach that a particular providence guides and guards the children of God. A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the notice of our Heavenly Father, and he even numbers every hair of our heads, so minute is his inspection. How much more does he watch over the lives of his children, and preserve them until their work is done!

Mr. Williams has before been introduced to the reader. He was the student who received the remarkable answer to prayer, as noticed in the preceding chapter. For depth of piety, goodness of heart, amiableness of character, his superior has seldom been known. Of the manner of his death, the following extract furnishes sufficient information:

“June 20th. Death is again in our midst. One of our family is no more! One who was with us at breakfast yesterday morning, and also at dinner, now lies cold in death! His body now waits in our parlor to be conveyed to its

resting-place ! Mysterious Providence ! Why is it so ? After dinner yesterday, brother Newton Williams and my husband went out to walk. They went to the creek, the first time that Mr. Cummings has been there this year. Without any previous design of doing so, they went into the water. Mr. C. could not swim at all, and Mr. Williams but little. With no apprehension of danger, he waded backward into the stream, intending, when he reached the proper depth, to swim out. At a moment when Mr. C. was turned in another direction, by some means he fell into deep water ; as Mr. C. turned to him, he noticed him struggling, and immediately sprang toward him with a pole, but he had gone down. As the water was deep, and Mr. C. could not swim, he was able to furnish no assistance : finding that he could not rescue him, he ran to the college for help. The dear youth was taken from the water after a few minutes : all the usual modes of resuscitation were attempted, but in vain : life had fled.

“I cannot make it appear possible that it is so ; yet in an adjoining room is the mournful evidence of the fact that Newton Williams is no more an inhabitant of earth : he has gone. Truly,

life is a shadow—it is a dream—a tale that is told—a vapor ! How true—

‘Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb !’

To the Christian, however, this exposure gives no uneasiness. With sweet composure he is enabled to sing—

‘Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.’

“Evening. We have performed the last sad office of friendship to dear brother Williams. His remains were this afternoon committed to the grave. A mournful occasion. How cheering the reflection, the spirit does not die ! His is alive and is praising God in paradise : were it not for this consolation, we should sink beneath these providences. Mr. Williams had been four years in college, wanting a few days : two years he had resided in our family. He was loved by all : his death was unexpected to him, and to all, but we believe he was fully prepared for this sudden exit. I pray that his death may be sanctified to the good of the living. O that all may realize how brittle is the thread of life ! how soon our earthly career may terminate ! If

we live by the moment, we shall live usefully, and be ready for our change whenever it comes.

“Williams was a pattern of religious devotion. May his exemplary life and amiable disposition be copied by others. My heart deeply feels for his parents and friends. They have often—O how often!—been called to pass through these sad scenes: during his residence with us, two sisters and a lovely brother were snatched away by the hand of death. A few weeks ago, at our family devotions, how fervently he prayed that his aged parents might be comforted in their recent bereavement, occasioned by the death of a daughter, who left a family of helpless children. Now their hearts bleed afresh. May Heaven sustain them! ‘God’s ways are not as our ways:’ ‘his judgments are past finding out.’ I hope to profit by this providence. I would live and serve God by the moment, and be ready for any event.

“June 21st. This is a sad and gloomy day. The hand of our Heavenly Father is heavily upon us. We feel the stroke, and would be humbled by it. Mr. C. is sorely afflicted: Mr. Williams was a very intimate friend, a congenial spirit: they spent much time together, and always seemed happy when they could enjoy each

other's society. The thought that he was so near him while struggling in death, without being able to render the least assistance, seems to overwhelm him with grief. God is his refuge and help: he alone can uphold him in this sore trial. He can, and will, if he trusts in him."

This event, which she records as being so afflictive to her husband, was not less so to her. Those plaintive, tremulous tones of voice in which she attempted to console her husband, indicated how much she needed consolation. She mourned the early death of this lovely young man, as though he had been a brother. For his bereaved parents she felt most deeply. His sudden death produced too great a shock to her sensitive feelings for her critical condition, and no doubt hastened an event named in her next entry in her diary, and perhaps proved fatal to her offspring.

"July 7th, 1850. Again I would record the goodness and mercy of God to me, his unworthy child. His protecting power and preserving mercy has brought me through a season of trial and danger. One week ago, this morning, I was very unexpectedly confined with a fine little boy. He lingered with us a few suffering hours, and then passed to a more congenial clime. Gladly

would we have detained the little cherub with us, but the Saviour took it to himself, and now it forms another tie in heaven.

‘Thy hours, my little one, were few:
An angel’s morning visit,
That came and vanished with the dew:
’Twas here, ’tis gone—where is it?’

“In this providence, I see the hand of God, and I would rejoice. My kind Heavenly Father is rapidly restoring me to health, and is imparting to me great spiritual vigor. I would be a perfect Christian, and glorify God with all my redeemed powers. This has been a pleasant Sabbath to me. I am weak in body, but the Saviour has smiled upon me, and in his presence I have rejoiced.

“My dear husband left on Thursday to attend the examination of our Conference Female Academy at Jacksonville. I am very lonely without him, but was glad to have him go: he needed relaxation, and I trust a change of place and scenery will relieve him from that gloom which the death of dear Williams has cast over him.

“Saturday, July 13th. This evening, Mr. C. reached home in good health, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. J——s. He was absent but a little over a week, yet it seemed a month to me.

My health has continually improved during the week, and as my accustomed strength of body has been returning, I have endeavored to draw nearer to God, and it has not been in vain. I have, by the help of grace, made some advancement in the journey to bliss. I am nearer eternity than ever before, and I trust nearer heaven.

“ Sabbath, July 14th. This morning I heard a good sermon preached by brother S. At the close of the sermon, the holy sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was administered. I was greatly blessed: I think that I never enjoyed a communion season better. The Crucified was with us. At night, President Wentworth delivered the baccalaureate sermon, embracing a funeral sermon of N. Williams. Expectation had been too high.

“ July 17th. This has been a very busy day. The commencement exercises are now over: the trustees have adjourned, and another year’s work in college is done. President Wentworth has resigned, to accept a professorship in Dickinson College, Pa. I am very reluctant to part with them; indeed, whether I can content myself here without my sister is uncertain. I must, however, try to submit to this trial, as I have done to others. His resignation was very unlooked-for by us all, and deeply regretted. This throws

upon my husband great responsibility: he has been elected president of the college. He now thinks that he cannot accept the office.

“ Sabbath evening, July 21st, 1850. This morning I rode with my husband and my sister to the Mound, where he preached a missionary sermon. My heart was grieved while meditating upon the sad condition of the heathen world. Who can sufficiently appreciate how much we are indebted to the gospel for our hopes and happiness, even in this life? and by it, immortality is brought to light. For some years I have taken a lively interest in the missionary cause, have contributed to further the enterprise as much as others around me in similar circumstances, but I have not given enough nor prayed enough for this cause. I determine to do more of each.

“ We took dinner with our dear friend sister B. I have not had as much time for reading and prayer to-day as usual. But still it has not been a lost day. My heart is fixed, my trust is in God. His grace buoys up my spirit and cheers my pathway. I hope to be resigned to whatever may be in reserve for me in the order of his providence. To suffer the will of God is not always an easy thing. But grace can enable us to do and to suffer, as well as to enjoy.”

CHAPTER XII.

Diary—Mr. Wentworth and family leave for the East—Accompanied them to St. Louis—Painful separation—Rumored death of Mr. Wentworth—Anxiety relieved—Prayer-meeting—Revival of former scenes—A great admirer of propriety—Natural language of strong emotions—Job's affliction—Mode of expression—Excesses at camp-meetings—A trip—Early ride—Mr. Cummings sick—Camp-meeting at Lebanon—Diary continued—Familiar with the way to the cross—Revival at Lebanon—Simplicity—Letter to Sister B.

Grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures o'er my face.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

‘Yes, I must leave thee, sister of my heart :
The world demands us, and at length we part ;
Thou, whom that heart, since first it felt approved,
I thought not why nor questioned how I loved :
In my first thoughts, first notions, and first cares,
Associate : partner in my mind’s affairs,
In my young dreams, my fancies ill expressed,
But well conceived, and to the heart addressed.’

“TUESDAY, July 30th. On Sabbath last brother Wentworth preached his farewell sermon in the chapel, from the apostolic benediction, ‘The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.’ It was an excellent sermon.

“O how hard to have them go ! On Monday morning we accompanied them to St. Louis—saw

them on board the steamer that was to take them up the Illinois river on their way to their new home. It is hard to part with those we love, but if they are in the way of duty, we ought to give them up, and even rejoice at their departure. They feel that they are, but I cannot avoid having doubts about it. He has been useful here—I trust he may be wherever he may go. Here is a vast field, and but few laborers. Parting is one of the trials to which in this life we are exposed: heaven knows no parting."

The separation of the sisters was very painful to both of them, to Mrs. Cummings especially. Mrs. Wentworth's age and kindness made her to Mrs. Cummings more than a sister: she looked up to her as to a mother. The parting with friends and leaving her native State was but a small trial, as it was to secure to her the society of her sister, a privilege that she could not enjoy in the East, as Providence assigned them different fields of labor. For a few days after their departure she seemed sad, but soon she fell into the habit of feeling that Providence guided in the matter, and this brought back her wonted composure.

The death of a person of the same name at Chicago, by cholera, caused a report to come to

her that Mr. Wentworth was dead. For a few days the anxiety of Mrs. Cummings was almost insupportable. She thought of the desolation of her sister and her little son, in burying a husband and father among strangers. Her anxiety was relieved by a telegraphic dispatch from Detroit announcing their safe arrival there. To this she refers in an entry in her diary :

“August 7th. This morning we received intelligence of the safe arrival at Detroit of brother and sister Wentworth. Our solicitude is entirely relieved. God is good. My heart praises him.

“This evening the few students who remain here assembled at our house for a prayer-meeting. I enjoyed it very much. When the number of religious students was small, during the first year that we were here, the young men were in the habit of assembling weekly at our house for prayer. Many precious seasons did we enjoy at a throne of grace. Now the number is too large for such an arrangement. The meeting to-night revived former scenes, and brought back in memory those who were then with us, but who now are far away; some of them have gone to heaven. They were a happy band of energetic young Christians. O may we meet in heaven !”

Mrs. Cummings was a great admirer of propriety in every thing, and especially in whatever pertained to religious worship. She wished to witness zeal and energy, but had no sympathy with the extravagances that are sometimes found in those professing the name of Christ. Extravagances are local and infectious. Some communities have fallen under a wrong influence, and the evil is perpetuated from year to year and almost from generation to generation. The strongest emotions that struggle in the human bosom express themselves in silence. Both grief and joy sometimes express themselves in exclamations, and embody themselves in words. When slight, this is the ordinary mode of development. But in their intensity they employ silence, as the most expressive mode of communication.

At the first stage of Job's afflictions, he uttered his grief in words; but when trouble like a flood rolled over him, or at the second stage, he sat down in silence for seven days. His friends came to condole with him, but they saw that his trouble was too great for words: words would have been a mockery: "So they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great." Great joy utters itself in

the same manner. Wesley speaks of it in the following strain:

The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

In most communities the excesses that appeared at an early day at camp-meetings have disappeared before the influence of a more intelligent piety, if not more genuine. Of "jerking, barking, daneing," and screeching, but little now is seen or heard. Some conclude that with these have departed zeal, vitality, and power. This conclusion is probably hasty. Religion requires form, and even fanaticism has a mode, but true religion does not consist in form. It is amusing to see how zealously some declaim against the so-called formality of the Church at the present day, while they themselves are the most striking exemplifications of that which they so loudly decry. Their censures are even stereotyped.

Mrs. Cummings was not severe in her views or censorious in her expressions. Those who form such an opinion in consequence of her criticism on the exercises of a certain camp-meeting, are "very wide of the mark." Her disposition was cheerful, her countenance almost always wore a

smile. She lived in the region of perpetual sunshine. So naturally and habitually did smiles sit upon her face, that the king of terrors even could not drive them thence. Her countenance in death was lit up with a smile of heavenly radiance. Of a camp-meeting which she attended in the summer of this year, she made this memorandum in her diary :

“Aug. 20th. On Friday, we (my husband, brother B., and myself) set out for the W—— Circuit Camp-meeting. The evening was excessively warm, but a pleasant drive of two hours over a delightful road embowered in oaks brought us to B——, where we spent the night or a portion of it with some kind friends, who so much interested us with delightful conversation, that my husband and myself did not retire until eleven o’clock. At two in the morning, according to previous arrangement, brother B. aroused us, to continue our ride : a sweet, balmy air fanned us, and had we had a little more light, the ride would have been very pleasant.

“After a few miles in the open prairie, we found that we were out of our course. Considerable search through a murky atmosphere revealed the North Star : without much reference to road we decided upon our course, and soon were re-

joiced to meet objects with which my husband was familiar. Our early ride of twenty miles gave us a good appetite for breakfast, which we took with a friend in W——. Contrary to our expectations, we found that the camp-ground was still distant fifteen miles. We reached the place at a little after eleven o'clock, while the presiding elder was preaching an energetic sermon to a thin congregation. But few persons were encamped. We soon found ourselves among warm-hearted friends, who made us welcome and comfortable.

"At four o'clock Mr. Cummings preached, and so loud as to completely prostrate him, in connection with the long ride, loss of sleep, and unusually hard labors on the day that we left home. A young brother preached at night, after which a prayer-meeting was holden before the stand. Several persons presented themselves for prayers. The meeting was somewhat boisterous, but yet I enjoyed it. I felt that peace reigned within, though some discord was around. After a time some professed religion, and I am sure they had it, if it consists in making a noise. I had often heard the praises of God from the lips of new-born souls. I had myself joined with others at such times in shouts of praise, but such screeching never before did I hear. It seemed more like

the despair of the lost than the joys of believing. These persons had probably had no experience of those delightful emotions that cause

‘Praise to sit silent on the tongue.’

Still, I could not decide that they were destitute of religious joy. I thought they had mistaken the manner of giving it utterance, if they had it. The exercises at the stand closed at a seasonable hour, but some injudicious persons kept up singing and talking most of the night.

“During the night Mr. Cummings was taken ill. At about nine o’clock in the morning he seemed to be rapidly sinking into the arms of death. God was merciful to us, and by active exertion and prompt medical treatment he was relieved; and by four o’clock in the afternoon, was able to be removed to the house of a friend, four miles distant; and the next day we came within twelve miles of home, which we reached this morning, in time to attend the examination of my school.

“The Lord deals with me in great mercy: his protection is so secure that there is none of whom we should be afraid. I feel that he is still with me, that he throws his loving providence around me. In him I will trust in every trial and danger. My mind was wonderfully comforted and

assured, even when the most dreaded event threatened me. While others were nearly despairing of my husband's recovery, my confidence was strong that he would be spared. He is now rapidly regaining his strength, though he appears very feeble.

"Aug. 24th. To-day the camp-meeting for this circuit commenced at Union Grove. Mr. Cummings has gone. I hope to be there to-morrow. I have been very busy at my work, but have felt a constant spirit of prayer. My mind has been almost every moment on the meeting. I hope it will be a good time. I feel in my heart assured that it will—that the work of revival will commence.

"Aug. 26. This has been a delightful Sabbath. I spent it on the camp-ground. A profitable day. At evening fifteen conversions. O praise the Lord for his goodness unto his children! I desire that this means of grace should be rendered a blessing to my soul, and already it has been so in a measure.

"Tuesday the 28th. Most of the people have left the ground, but the Lord is still here and is carrying on his work. A number of souls have been converted, believers have been strengthened, and some, I trust, perfected in love. I have

been greatly blessed. I have found at this meeting, as I had always before, that when most engaged for the salvation of others, my own soul was most blessed. Eternity alone will reveal how much good has been accomplished at this meeting. I feel like living entirely for God and his glory. How soon will I, and others who have labored and been blessed at this meeting, join the assembly of the Church of the first-born in glory ! Praise the Lord for a bright prospect of that glorious day !

“ Sept. 6th. One week ago to-day Mr. Cummings left home to attend several camp-meetings and Conference before he returns. I have felt great solicitude about his health, but I must intrust him to the care of a kind Providence.

“ Sabbath, Sept. 8th. The Lord is very good. He seems unusually near to-day. This morning I attended my class-meeting. It was a blessed season. Praise the Lord for his goodness !”

Of Mrs. Cummings’s early conversion mention has already been made : the next entry from her diary clearly fixes the date of that interesting event. Her father’s account of it agrees with this.

“ Nov. 24th, 1850. Still the Lord is very gracious unto me. I love him. I love his chil-

dren. I love his worship. I love the means of grace. We had a precious season this morning in class-meeting. It was truly good to be there. It was a happy hour to me. It is not often that I feel like shouting, though I am often very happy. This morning my heart was filled with praise. The past often passes before me. It has done so to-day. For sixteen years I have made a profession of religion, and most of the time enjoyed the witness of God's Spirit with mine that I was accepted of God through the merits of his Son Jesus Christ."

The last revival in which Mrs. Cummings was permitted to be an active laborer, was about commencing when she made the above entry. Her health was good, and she constantly attended the meetings, and always found something to do. She was frequently called upon to pray for those seeking religion, a duty which she never declined, though the cross was often great. She was frequently seen passing among those of her sex who were hesitating to engage in the work of seeking religion, and not a few yielded to her persuasions to go to the altar for prayer. Experience had made her familiar with the way to the mercy-seat: she sought to lead others there. Among those seeking the pardon of their sins she was

very active. That her instructions were well-timed and judicious, was sufficiently indicated by the fact that while laboring with penitents, they were often enabled to believe to the salvation of their souls. Her feelings during this interesting season will be best learned from her own words.

“Dec. 1st. The Sabbath of our quarterly meeting. The love-feast this morning was unusually interesting. Every minute was improved. I think I never before attended one when no time was lost. I did not see an opportunity to speak, but I was blessed in hearing others declare what great things God had done for them. Well might the great apostle speak of ‘The exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us, through Jesus Christ, who hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.’ The contemplation of such goodness overwhelms me with joy and gratitude. No language can describe it, no thought comprehend its amplitude :

‘A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.’

‘O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?’

“Sunday, Dec. 8th. The revival continues. We have had meetings every night last week: many souls have been converted. Praise belongeth to God alone.

“Wednesday, 11th. Still the meetings continue: more or less are converted every night. I bless the Lord for his goodness. I have been greatly blessed in my own soul. I have felt deeply for some young ladies who had presented themselves several times for prayer: I feared they were not enough engaged or in earnest. The prospect seems better now: I hope they will be converted. My own struggle of spirit was so great that I felt that some must be blessed, and I praise God that one received the witness that she was born of God. While struggling and believing for others, my own soul was greatly blessed. I believe I have the witness of entire salvation through the blood of the Lamb. Precious redemption! so free! so full! We shall need an eternity to praise Him who hath redeemed us to God by his blood, and even

‘Eternity will be too short
To utter all his praise.’”

To reach the point now occupied by Mrs. C. had been the work of years. She was not unbelieving, but exceedingly fearful of making the

impression upon the minds of others that she enjoyed more than she did. She earnestly desired the witness of perfect love, but she desired that it should be so clear as to preclude the possibility of mistake. Her mode of expressing her experience was so guarded and modest that there was very little danger of the evil that she feared. On the other hand, those who were intimate with her life and conversation—if they had spiritual discernment—must have detected in her much more of Christ and of gospel holiness than she ever expressed. She had carefully studied and constantly adopted Mr. Wesley's advice to those enjoying perfect love. Her most intimate acquaintances would have been able to detect very little change or variety in her Christian life for the last ten years that she lived. She was always the same. Simplicity, meekness, zeal, courage, patience, faith, hope, love, were constantly illustrated by her. Her subdued, plaintive accents indicated that her heart was in constant union with Heaven. There was, no doubt, great change in her. She was constantly progressing, and maturing for that blessed state upon which she was so soon to enter. On the 15th of December she wrote :

“ Again I would record the goodness of God

to the most unworthy of his children—entirely unworthy of the great and continued blessings which he bestows upon me. But not according to our deserts, but out of his great fulness gives he us to drink of the waters of life. O, I praise the Lord from the fulness of my soul that he ever gave me to taste of this divine fountain of exhaustless love: that he ever taught me by his Spirit and by his word that there was a highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in, and especially that, by the mighty workings of his grace in me, I have been enabled to get into this way—this highway of holiness. Here I am above the clouds: the fogs and mists of unbelief and sin ascend not so high. O blessed sunshine of the soul! In this region of perpetual day my soul would ever abide. I rejoice that the Church is awaking, and beginning to see that her call is to holiness. What an influence would she exert if all her members were holy in heart, and consequently holy in life! Then would she be like an army with banners. During the last five years I have seen more struggling for entire sanctification than during the ten preceding years. From this I hope much for Zion's enlargement."

A brief extract from a letter to her friend, Mrs. Baldwin, will close this year.

“COLLEGE HILL, Dec. 30th, 1850.

“DEAR SISTER BALDWIN:—I have been for several days very anxious to hear from you, having learned that you were sick. To-morrow evening is watch-night, and there will be meeting in the chapel until the old year passes away. Cannot you and Mr. B. come in to-morrow and stay all night and attend the meeting? It will consist of preaching, prayer, love-feast, sacrament, etc. . . . Come early in the day as possible, and stay all night if you can. I want to see you very much. We have had many good meetings since I saw you last. I have often thought how much you would enjoy them. The instituted means of grace are helps to us in religion, but it is matter of rejoicing that we can enjoy God everywhere. We may enjoy him in all his fulness while alone as well as in the society of others. I have enjoyed my mind unusually well this winter. I never enjoyed a revival so much—that is, I had never felt so much of the Spirit and love of God as I have during our last revival. I have deeply felt the absence of our friends [referring to her sister and

family] from us, but I think it has had the tendency to draw me nearer to Christ. More when I see you. . . .

"Your affectionate sister in Christ,

"F. A. C."



CHAPTER XIII.

Diary—Another college revival—Mrs. Cummings's efforts—Fervor of her devotions—Her little boy—Short extracts from her diary—Letter to Mrs. Wentworth—Spring class-meeting—Life of Dr. Fisk—Anecdote—Letter to Mrs. Wentworth—Benevolent society—Opposition—Her feelings—Sickness of a student—Happy death—Death of the righteous—Quarterly meeting—Communion.

“As lightning launched from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be:
To thee, by angel hosts confessed,
Bow every soul and every knee:
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.”

“JAN. 1st, 1851. I spent most of the day at home, hoping and praying that this year may be more usefully spent than the past. I desire a deeper, a higher, a more glorious religious experience. I want to grow in grace continually. The watch-night was a season of interest. Victories were gained over unbelief and sin. Many high and holy resolutions were formed: may they all be faithfully kept; if they are, Lebanon will witness a new state of things. If all who on last night promised to live for Christ and his cause carry out their resolutions, we shall have a constant

revival. I have long felt that nothing but unfaithfulness and weak faith prevented the constant revival of religion in all religious communities.

“Jan. 9th. Last evening I spent alone. I enjoyed a time of unusual wrestling before God. My communion was sweet: the whole Trinity was present, and faith distinctly recognized each of the adorable persons of the Godhead performing for me, and in my poor unworthy heart, his appointed work. So full my joy and perfect my peace, that for myself I had not much to ask. But O, what agony for others—for some of my friends and acquaintances here and elsewhere! As yet I cannot fully comprehend the reason why these burdens are upon me. God will reveal it by and by. If faith keeps its hold, deliverance will come, and will come in God’s own way. My mind is stayed upon him: I feel that he is indeed a Heavenly Father, to whom with unshaken confidence we may repair with all our cares and burdens, and he will always grant release or give grace to bear them. Like David, I feel to say, ‘My soul, wait thou upon the Lord: he is thy help and thy shield.’”

The college was visited again with a revival of religion. In extent and influence it was quite

equal to any former one: a large number became the subjects of awakening and converting grace. Mrs. Cummings, as usual, took a lively interest in it, and most generally attended the meetings, and always when present found something to do.

The town was favored at that time with the presence of several pious and gifted ladies, whose prayers and exhortations added much to the interest and influence of this revival. The students of the college, and others, often mention this season in connection with the salutary influence of Mrs. C. and those other ladies.

During the continuance of the extra meetings, Mrs. Cummings devoted her evenings to the work going on at the college and in the town. If, to have others in her family attend meeting, she remained at home, as was sometimes the case, she spent the time in prayer for the success of the means of grace, and for particular persons in whose welfare she felt especially interested. On these occasions faith often secured her great victories. Prayer with her was not a mere ceremony, a formal recital of words, but rather

“The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.”

In this holy exercise she frequently became so

absorbed that she appeared lost to all around. She seemed to be speaking to the Deity, as the sovereign of earth and heaven, and pleading for his grace for herself and for others. Not unfrequently, when she thought her words unheard by any save Him whom she supplicated, did the occupants of adjacent rooms catch her words, and become witnesses to the fervor of her spirit: sentences were seldom understood, but the words husband, father, sister, children, frequently fell upon the ear of the listener, reminding him that these and other persons were the subjects of her supplications. She was probably in the habit of praying for her friends daily by name. She early taught her little son, after repeating the Lord's Prayer, to pray for a blessing upon "Papa, mamma, uncle, aunt," etc. Under a mother's guidance, so strongly was this habit fixed in this child, that it was no easy task for him to omit in his evening prayer the familiar names "Mamma" and "Aunt Mary," even after they had exchanged prayer for praise. Her heart was in heaven, and she felt that

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

Hours, and sometimes nearly days, were devoted to this exercise.

During the year 1851, Mrs. C. made her notes of religious experience in a small pocket diary. The blanks were very small, and consequently her entries very brief, but full of expression. From them we select, without giving date, the following :

“ Much employed in domestic duties, but I endeavor therein to glorify God. We had a happy hour in the class-room this morning : to God be the praise. Took tea at brother L.’s : . . . a profitable visit. Jesus is precious : God is gracious : my mind is kept in perfect peace : O the blessedness of serving him ! I have many cares, but my mind is preserved in a state of constant communion. I desire nothing so much as to be a *whole* Christian. I am willing to be spent in the service of God. Not very well : much perplexed with cares, but still trusting in my strength-giving God.”

On the 22d of January, she wrote to her sister Mrs. Wentworth ; and in reference to the revival just then closed, she said :

“ The revival was pleasant. Many were converted : some sanctified. Its influence is still felt. Some of the students pray powerfully—brothers H. and C. more so than ever before.

These useful brethren are seeking entire sanctification.”

The diary continues :

“ The one desire of my heart is, that I may be entirely pure in heart, and then I shall be in life. Quite unwell : I have kept my room all day, yet I have enjoyed a constant trust in God. A stormy day : did not attend class this morning : read much, meditated and prayed : found near access to the throne.”

The following is found on a loose fragment of paper :

“ Sabbath, March 9th, 1851. This is a lovely day. Nature looks unusually beautiful. Every thing seems to recognize it as the Sabbath. Quietness reigns around me and within my heart. The landscape is meeting the day with smiles. The birds are pouring forth sweetest songs of praise. My heart is in harmony with the scene. In the morning I attended class-meeting. It was a blessed time to me. A heavenly influence pervaded the place, and heavenly love warmed my heart. I felt that it was a great thing to be a Christian : I never realized it so much before. I sincerely desire to be a Christian in the true sense of the term, not a mere nominal believer

in the Lord Jesus Christ; but I would follow Christ: I would be like Christ. I would do nothing contrary to the will of God, yet I would do all his will. I have of late had increasing desires that my heart may be right in the sight of God, that the fountain may be perfectly pure; then shall every thought, and word, and action be for the glory of God. How vain the mere approbation of men! How vain that men count us righteous! God has done so much for me that nothing less than my entire heart can be a suitable return.

“March 10th. Last evening we had a powerful meeting. The word preached was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. A good prayer-meeting followed. God was indeed in the assembly, and that to bless. I am sure that sinners felt deeply. May the Spirit still strive! O Lord! revive thy work. Thy people pray for it: the Church needs it. Give us a power of faith which will bring the needed blessing.

“I have been much edified and blessed while reading the life of that great and good man, Dr. Fisk. He was truly a man of God—a man of faith—and this gave him such surprising influence. With the simplicity and humility of a

child, he was a master in Israel. One of his remarks is worth being written in gold. When young in the ministry, he was appointed by his Conference to do a particular work. Before entering upon the duties of the station assigned, he detected so great a defect in the institution which he was appointed to serve, that he could not, consistently with duty, proceed in the work. When questioned the next year by the bishop why he had not performed the work assigned, he meekly replied: 'I could not in conscience engage in it.' The bishop reprovingly inquired, 'Do you think that the Conference must be governed by your conscience?' 'No, sir,' was his reply, 'I do not think that the Conference must obey my conscience, but *I must*.' No further reproof was administered. The perusal of this book would be a blessing to any one."

The following extract from a letter to Mrs. Wentworth shows how constantly and easily she turned to religious thoughts:

"LEBANON, March 18th, 1851.

"DEAR SISTER: I received your letter last week, and was glad to hear that you were well. That climate is so similar to this that I suppose it will produce no great change in your health.

We are everywhere under the protection of our kind Heavenly Father. I do not know that I fear sickness here any more than I should in New York. We are liable to sickness and death anywhere, and if prepared, it will make little difference when or where we fall.

“My sheet is not yet full, but I think of nothing further to interest you, except it be religion. That is always an interesting subject. I am trying to live it day by day. At no period of my life, I believe, has it had a more controlling influence over my entire being than at present. I have felt alone since you left, and yet that there was one place where we might daily meet: it is at the mercy-seat. What a privilege to remember our friends at the throne of grace, and to feel that there we are remembered by them! I hope we may not always be so far from each other on earth, but if so, let us meet at God’s right hand.”

The last wish expressed in this letter was soon gratified: in one year they had “met at God’s right hand,” never more to be separated.

During the spring of this year, a number of ladies in the town organized themselves into an association for benevolent purposes. Mrs. Cummings was made the president, and she took an active part

in its business. She had long felt that in the cause of benevolence more system and concert were needed in order to efficiency. This society proposed to expend its means in clothing any poor children that might be found in the community, and prepare them to attend the Sabbath-school; also, to aid indigent pious youth in obtaining education, and several other objects were named in their constitution.

For some reason, a very strong opposition sprang up in the town, which for a time threatened the peace and prosperity of the Church. Mrs. Cummings was in no other event so greatly afflicted; but, during all, she manifested the most perfect self-control, and in the highest degree the spirit and temper of the devoted Christian. In reference to this society, she wrote :

“April 25th, 1851. To-day the ‘Benevolent Society’ held its second meeting. We were greatly disappointed and mortified at the course taken by some of the ladies in town. O how selfish is poor human nature! My hope is in God, who is always just and true.”

On the next day, she wrote :

“How great and good the Lord is, in bearing with his unworthy children! I am unworthy

the grace that I enjoy. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the unspeakable joys of salvation. My soul exults in God, who alone is the hope of my salvation. I have been greatly afflicted with some professed Christians, but I will trust in God, and strive to do right in all things. I pray for grace continually, that I may be led into all truth.

“April 28th. My health is good. My confidence in God is strong. My faith is firm. The promises are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. They will never fail those who believe.

“Saturday night. During the past week I have enjoyed continued peace. I desire that my heart should be kept by the grace of God perfectly pure—that every thought, word and act may be in accordance with God’s holy will.

“Sabbath. To-day I have twice visited the room of our dying student, brother Wesley C. Gilham. It is good to see the triumphs of grace in the dying-hour. Here, hypocrisy lays aside the cloak, and truth and reality appear. Brother G. is not only composed, but triumphant. He feels that this is the happiest day of life. He talks of his departure as though he were starting on a voyage to a distant country that was to afford him much pleasure. He knows now how

blessed are the pure in heart : for this purity, he was a few weeks ago an earnest seeker : now, he rejoices in its blessedness. Here we see religion in all its loveliness. Who is not touched by such displays of Divine grace ? He will soon be an inhabitant of glory. He exults in the prospect : ' Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'

" May 4th, 1851. This is the Sabbath. We have had a good meeting to-day at the Mound. The presence of God was revealed. Of late, I have been peculiarly tried, but I find the Lord a strong-hold : he will sustain those that put their trust in him. My confidence is strong : my faith is daily increasing. I am now proving that God will give grace according to our day. I would do nothing but what shall be for the glory of God.

" May 18th, 1851. Our quarterly meeting commenced yesterday. I greatly feared that the unpleasant state of things in town would injure the meeting, but we have had a very good time. The Lord be praised by all his saints. Glory to Jesus, who rules on high ! The Lord hears prayer.

" At the communion, I dedicated all afresh to God, and he was pleased to give me the assur-

ance that he accepted the offering. By the grace of my kind Redeemer, I will live more devoted to his service, that my life may preach holiness as my heart feels it."



CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to her father—Five years absent—The Sabbath at the hotel spent in prayer and praise—Meets both her sisters and brothers—A few happy weeks—The parting—All regarded it as final—Reaches home—Diary—Sickness—Happy state of mind—Prayer for a revival—Object of benevolent society—She advises its dissolution—Absorbed with a single desire—Diary—A protracted-meeting in the college chapel—Life of prayer—Last communion season—A great blessing—Earthly labors closing.

“Dost thou love wanderings! Whither wouldst thou go?
Dreamest thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
O, yes, I love the woods and streams so gay;
And, more than all, O, father, I love thee:
Speak, mine own daughter with the sunbright locks;
To what pale banished region wouldst thou roam?
O father, let us find our frozen rocks:
Let’s seek that country of all countries—Home.”

ON Monday, the 28th of July, Mrs. Cummings, accompanied by her husband and her son, left for a visit to her native State.

When she left for the West, it was expected that in three years she would visit her former home again, but prevalence of cholera for two years, and other hindrances, had caused her visit to be delayed five years.

During Saturday night she reached Ogdensburg, distant from her father’s residence about

fourteen miles. Her husband had separated from her at Buffalo, to make a trip to New England. On Sabbath morning, she and her little son were among entire strangers at a hotel in Ogdensburgh. Two hours' stage ride over a fine plank road would take her to her father's door. The temptation to go was strong. At home she could attend church with father, brothers, sisters, early friends; perhaps she might be permitted to meet in the class-room where scores of times she had worshipped with old companions and friends. At Ogdensburgh, being an entire stranger, she must keep her room all day. Under these circumstances, how many professed Christians, and even Christian ministers, would have decided to complete the journey on Sabbath morning! She decided to keep the Sabbath in the best way she could. She promptly decided to keep her room and devote the holy day to meditation, prayer, and the reading of God's holy book. She found it not an unprofitable day. God's goodness in sparing her life to be again in her native country, and so near her friends, filled her heart with thanksgiving. She thought of the scores that had died during her absence, and especially of the great blessings that she had received in her distant home. She left her native place mourning the absence of the

witness of perfect love : she returned in the full enjoyment of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. She had reason to believe, too, that God had watched over her father's house—that he had spared all her dear relatives. She said that she needed the day for reflection, and to render praise to God for his mercies.

On Monday she reached home in safety. In anticipation of her coming, her brother, Dr. Alexander and his wife, and her sister Mrs. Wentworth, were at her father's when she arrived. Soon the entire family, except the dear mother, who slumbered in the cemetery just in front of her father's residence, were together. The joy of this meeting can better be conceived than described. Youth was lived over again, early thoughts were revived, and in the most cheerful and delightful intercourse with loved ones rapidly passed the few weeks away.

The day of separation was hastening. It came too soon. The parting scene was solemn. It was to be final. When those sisters parted, they were well convinced it was to meet no more. Upon one of them consumption had made his mark: all felt that in a few months more Mrs. Wentworth would be reposing in the silence of the grave. The father was aged. He had passed

more than his threescore years and ten. How very probable that he might precede even his consumptive daughter to the spirit-land ! How mysterious the ways of Providence ! In that group of friends, none was more active, more healthy, or had greater prospect of long life, than Mrs. Cummings. How strange that she was to be first called away from earth !

Mrs. Cummings reached her home in Illinois on the first of September, in very excellent health. During her journey and stay in New York, she kept no record of religious experience that has come to light. On Sabbath, the 2d of October, she wrote :

“ I have attended church twice to-day. I have enjoyed my mind exceedingly well. I am conscious of many faults. It is all of grace that I am so blessed, and am so happy. I have realized to-day what the apostle meant by hope as an anchor of the soul, reaching to that within the veil. Praise the Lord, I have this anchor.

‘ My hope is full—O glorious hope!—
Of immortality.’ ”

During this month Mrs. Cummings was attacked with chills and fever, accompanied by great bilious derangement. The chills were soon checked, but the system remained torpid. Her

delicate condition rendered it hazardous to use much medicine. She was able to be about the house, and even to go out. She felt no alarm at her condition: indeed, she was never in a happier state of mind, as the following extracts from her papers show:

“November 8th. I have spent much time to-day, and this evening, in meditation and prayer. I am very unworthy of such great blessings. God is pleased graciously to impart to me the fulness of his love. O how can I make any suitable return to him for such rich mercy that he showers upon me!

“Sabbath, November 9th. Again I have met my dear brethren and sisters in class. It was a happy hour. I praise God for present grace.

“Sabbath, November 16th. The Lord met me to-day in his sanctuary, and made my heart rejoice. I have felt much of late the necessity of a revival of religion in this place; but when I look at the condition of the church, the reviling and uncharitableness, the backsliding and indifference, my faith would waver, only that I know that God is almighty, and can make even the wrath of man to praise him. I believe he will glorify himself, and vindicate his cause. I trust there are a few names here, as in Sardis, which have

not defiled their garments: of these Jesus says, 'They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.' There are some in Lebanon who are daily crying, 'Lord, revive thy work!' I feel that prayer will prevail and the blessing will come: opposition must be broken down before the mighty spirit of prayer that is here witnessed among the students and some others.

"November 26th. Benevolent Society meets at my house. We organized this society with a single aim, namely, to do good and honor God. I trust we have done some good: I hope we are still doing good: I believe we have the approbation of God. I cannot feel that we are responsible for the evil that has been done, and yet perhaps we ought to give up this way of doing good, lest others make it an occasion of doing evil."

Soon after this date, Mrs. Cummings advised the ladies associated with her to suspend the society: they acquiesced, and no other meeting was ever held. She suffered in this affair very much, but never did the writer hear her use an unkind expression in regard to those who she thought had injured her. She made it the occasion of much heart-searching and self-examination, lest she might be turned out of the way. After giv-

ing up the society, she seldom spoke of those who had differed with her in opinion, and by whom she thought herself injured.

When told on a certain occasion that a person was taking a different course in relation to the society matters from what she expected of her, she replied, "I am sorry: I hoped sister — would do right, and endeavor to improve the state of feeling in the community, but her course will not affect me. To me the path of duty is plain."

Her health prevented her giving much attention to business, but it did not confine her to her room: she read a great deal, and, in accordance with the apostolic requirement, prayed without ceasing. The low state of religion in the town was a great grief to her. As the season approached when it is usual to hold extra meetings, and put forth extra exertions for the revival of religion, she seemed wholly absorbed with a single desire, and that desire found utterance in the language of the prophet, "O Lord, revive thy work!" Often as the writer entered her room late at night, he found her on her knees, so absorbed in prayer as not to notice his presence. On Sabbath, the 7th of December, she wrote in her diary:

“The past week has been one of some enjoyment, of much wrestling before the throne of grace. I desire to see the church as it should be, a city set upon a hill. I desire to be all that as a Christian it is my privilege to be, holy in heart, in life, and in all manner of conversation, that I may honor God in every act, and word, and thought. I sometimes fear that I have not charity enough for others. I need that charity that ‘hopeth all things, and endureth all things, and that will cover a multitude of sins.’ I must not judge the hearts of others. I am sure their actions are wrong, but these may result from erroneous opinions. I do love simplicity, honesty, truth: Christians will always manifest these in some degree, and they ought to possess them in perfection.

“December 19th. Mr. Cummings has gone to attend a quarterly meeting. I spent the evening in prayer. I am greatly blessed, and very happy. I love God and his cause. I mourn that I can do no more to promote it.

“Saturday evening, Dec. 20th. My health is not good, but I have been very happy all day. God has been very near and very precious. I feel very unworthy, but Christ is worthy, and I receive all on his account. I hide myself, and

present Christ. With him God is well pleased, and he blesses me for his sake.

“ Sabbath, December 21st. My health is too poor to go to church, but my mind is at rest—the peace of God rests upon me. O how precious is that grace that enables us to rise above our trials, and to rejoice even in tribulation !

“ Dec. 22d. Health a little better, still trusting in the Lord. He is present and precious.

“ Dec. 25th. Christmas is again here. How time flies ! Eternity is at hand. How many who hail this eventful day will never witness another anniversary of the advent of the glorious Redeemer ! A meeting commences in the chapel to-day which will probably continue for some time. I hope and pray that a great revival may now commence. God is a prayer-hearing God.”

This is the last record of religious experience made by this sainted woman, and how appropriate a close to such a record—“ God is a prayer-hearing God ! ” Her whole life demonstrated her firm belief of this proposition. In early childhood she commenced a life of prayer. From the busy sports of early youth she turned aside to find the secret place in which, unobserved by human eyes, she might pour out her supplications to Him who stoops from his throne, exalted far

above every thing else that is or can be named in heaven or earth, to listen to the prayers of even a child. Heaven heard and answered her, and sent down the Holy Comforter to reside in her heart.

In maturer life her whole character was moulded by her conviction that “God is a prayer-hearing God.” In every trial, in every joy even, she sought the ear of the Hearer of prayer. When all was prosperous, when Christ was victorious, she went to the mercy-seat asking for even greater triumphs ; but when Zion languished—when she was in sackcloth—when her pleasant places were desolate, in mighty prayer she asked that the moral heavens might send down rain to fertilize the heritage of the Lord. Faith was sometimes tested : she prayed again and again : the answer came at last, and, exulting in the God of Abraham, she exclaimed, “God is a prayer-hearing God !” Her last recorded prayer was for Zion’s peace and prosperity—for the revival of God’s work. That prayer was heard.

On Saturday after the last entry in her diary, the quarterly meeting for the circuit commenced in Lebanon. She was too unwell to attend any of the regular services. She did, however, attend the communion season in the afternoon of Sab-

bath. With a few friends she walked to the chapel, distant but a few rods from her dwelling, to commemorate once more the death and sufferings of her adorable Saviour. While she received the emblems of his broken body and shed blood, her faith beheld him on the cross suffering, bleeding, dying. That faith appropriated him to herself, and caused her to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She came home as Moses came down from the mount—her very features glowing with that divine radiance which caused the Saviour's face on the mount to shine as the sun, and rendered his raiment white as the light.

It is a remarkable provision of our nature, that the emotions paint themselves on the countenance. Often the face more vividly and eloquently discloses the workings of the inner man, than it is possible for words to do. The more refined and delicate the mental constitution, the more strongly marked will be the emotions on the features. A person more remarkable in this respect than Mrs. Cummings is seldom if ever seen.

On the previous Friday, the state of the church in Lebanon so weighed down her spirit, that her features indicated grief too excessive to

be long sustained. She sought an interview with the presiding elder and other ministers, for the purpose of unbosoming her sorrows to them. The presiding elder said to the writer, on leaving her room, "Something must be done: I *see* that Sister Cummings is dreadfully afflicted." The interview resulted in bringing together conflicting parties. Such explanations were made as enabled Mrs. Cummings to dismiss all feelings toward those by whom she had felt herself injured, and to inspire confidence in her heart that the obstacles to a revival of religion would be overcome, and that the Lord would overrule all for his praise. As soon as this point was reached, she was happy. At the communion table she succeeded in casting her burden entirely upon the Lord, and he did abundantly sustain her. From that moment her faith became very triumphant. She had cares, and vexations, and afflictions, but not a cloud was permitted to obstruct her vision. She never again entered the earthly sanctuary. Her earthly labors were nearly done.

CHAPTER XV.

Last revival—Her interest in the work—Her last visit—Birth of a son—Sinking to the grave—Death no terrors—State of her mind during illness—Her children—Her death—Letter of Mrs. B. to her sister Caroline—Letter of Mrs. B. to Mrs. Wentworth—Mrs. Mason's letter to Mrs. Wentworth—Conclusion.

The destroyer cometh : his footstep is light,
He marketh the threshold of sorrow at night :
He steals like a thief o'er the fond one's repose,
And chills the warm tide from the heart as it flows.
His throne is the tomb, and a pestilent breath
Walks forth on the night-wind, the herald of death :
His couch is the bier, and the dark weeds of woe
Are curtains which shroud joy's deadliest foe.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

ON the night of the last Sabbath that Mrs. Cummings ever entered the earthly sanctuary, a gracious revival of religion commenced in the college, and to some extent diffused its influence through the town. It was to her and to her friends a memorable Sabbath.

She was confined to her room most of the time. In the meetings, which were continued every night for some time, she took the usual interest. However feeble her health, she was unwilling that her husband should be absent a single eve-

ning from the house of prayer. On his return, she would ask for a particular account of the meeting. Who were at the altar for prayer? who had experienced pardon? and who had joined the Church? were questions he nightly answered. Often an account of the sermon and its apparent effects was desired. The seekers and others were made especial objects of prayers.

On the first day of January, she dined with a number of friends at the house of her class-leader, to whom, and his family, she was much attached. She rode home in the afternoon, much fatigued, and feeling that she had taken a little cold. This was the last time that she was out.

On the 12th day of January, her second living son was born. She was much debilitated by lingering disease, but all hoped to see her quickly recover. She was soon able to pass about from one room to another; but her strength returned very slowly, if it improved at all. The liver was torpid. Its healthy action was never after established. Other functional derangements followed, which wasted her little remaining strength.

On the 21st of February, the writer found and entered in his diary that Mrs. Cummings was not on the whole improving. Soon after she began gradually to sink. Her husband and others be-

gan to have serious apprehensions that she would not recover.

She often conversed about her condition, but felt that she would revive. She often said, "Death has no terrors to me. Grace will carry me safely through if I am called, but *I do not yet feel* that this is to be my last sickness." She seemed to feel that if called away, God would give her in some way to understand his purpose. This was the case. Her decline was slow, but constant.

On the 27th of February, she was taken much worse, and from that time ran down rapidly. Of the state of her mind during her long illness, the following extract from a letter written by a friend, Mrs. B., to her sister Caroline, will give a more satisfactory view than any thing that the writer could furnish :

"I visited her as often as I could during the winter, [Mr. B. resides three miles from town, at Emerald Mound,] and twice I stayed all night and slept with her. Both times before retiring we united together in prayer. The last time, she became unusually engaged and in earnest at the throne of grace. My own soul was greatly blessed. The thought occurred to me then, that this might be the last time that I should ever hear her voice

in prayer. It was so. After retiring, we conversed together until after midnight, almost exclusively on the subject of *heart-holiness*. I asked her if she still retained the blessing in this her special time of foreboding and distress? She answered in the affirmative, and said, 'I have never had the shadow of a doubt of the work in my heart several years ago, but through unbelief I lost the witness of the constant enjoyment of it, and did not regain it until about two years since, when it was renewed, and now, when I cannot rejoice, I *can* trust God.' In this peaceful, tranquil state of mind I always found her during her protracted illness."

The writer frequently conversed with her in regard to her prospects beyond the grave. She always expressed herself with the greatest freedom and confidence that all was bright. She said to him on Friday night previous to her death on Monday morning, "For your sake and for the children I would like to live, if it were the will of God, but if called away, I feel that I am ready. Grace will carry me safely through."

On the 8th day of March, 1852, she fell asleep in Jesus, in the twenty-eighth year of her age.

She left three children. The eldest, Parish Alexander, in his seventh year. The second, a

little daughter, four years old, an invalid from her birth, has followed her mother to the better land. Her youngest child, Edward Wentworth, was but two months old at the time of his mother's death.

On the day previous to her death Mrs. Cummings fell into convulsions, at about three o'clock P. M., which continued until her spirit took its flight.

The following letters graphically describe her character, and especially the final scene with her. No apology is needed for their insertion instead of what the writer might say. The first is to Mrs. Cummings's younger sister, Caroline Alexander. The second, from the same writer, is to Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. C.'s elder sister, who was at the time rapidly sinking to her long resting-place with consumption. This explains the first paragraph. She died in great peace, on the 21st day of April. The third letter is from Mrs. Mason, who has since entered into her rest. During the last few weeks of Mrs. Cummings's life, Mrs. Mason was almost constantly with her.

“EMERALD MOUND, March 12, 1852.

“MISS CAROLINE ALEXANDER :

“My dear bereaved Sister: — “Permit me, as a friend of your departed sister, Mrs. Cummings, to address a few lines to you on

this mournful occasion. She was my friend—yea, more, a very *dear* Christian sister—and as oft as I hear the name of Mrs. Cummings, the warmest feelings of my heart are in motion. I loved her with pure affection. I loved her for her real merit as a lady, her deep-toned piety as a Christian, and her unwavering fidelity as a confidential friend. If she had her faults, (from which I suppose none are exempt,) I did not discover them. Indeed, from my first acquaintance with sister C., I considered her an example worthy of imitation, and I am happy in the reflection that I shared in her friendship, her prayers, and her society, ever since she came to Illinois.

“We live in the country, about three miles from Lebanon; therefore, our opportunities for meeting were not so frequent as I could have wished; yet a tender friendship has subsisted between us from our first acquaintance, and we always considered it an honor to receive a visit from Dr. C. and lady; and long will it be before those precious interviews fade from my memory. Often have we knelt in prayer, side by side, in my little chamber, and felt that God was there. I visited her in health: I visited her frequently. in her last protracted illness; and I stood by her

dying-couch when the last flickering taper of life was about to be extinguished for ever. I gazed upon the wasted form, and heard nearly the last dying accents which fell from that tongue about to be hushed in the silence of the grave ; and never did I hear a sweeter voice—it fell upon the ear like tones from the upper region ; and with her face lit up with heavenly radiance, as if in the light of two worlds, she exclaimed, ‘ Your faces all look pleasant to me.’ This was after she came out of her first spasm.

“ Her anxious husband had previously entertained a little hope of her recovery, but now all hope had fled ; and his sorrows for a few moments seemed too intense for utterance ; but his wounded heart soon attained the calm of perfect resignation, and he affectionately sat down by her dying-bed, and calmly talked to her about their separation, recalling to her mind the many happy seasons they had enjoyed together in communion with God : said to her that he had always expected to die first himself, but in all probability she was about to leave him ; that she was better off than he was, etc. He wished her to be calm and prepared for the conflict, for he did not know that she could survive another spasm. With the utmost composure she replied that she

‘was prepared: that she did not know that it made any difference who went first, or when they went, if they were only ready.’ After conversing some time together, Dr. C. asked her if they should unite once more in prayer: she replied, ‘Yes.’ The scene became truly affecting. Every eye in the room (save the dying one) was suffused in tears, and every heart moved to sympathy, while, with subdued anguish of soul, he knelt by her dying-bed, and resigned the precious boon back to the Saviour that had been lent him for but a few brief years; and the Saviour doubtless stood ready to receive her and welcome her on high.

“After prayer, she heard the voice of her dear little helpless daughter at the foot of the bed. She called her ‘sis,’ and said, ‘Come to mamma.’ When brought, she reached out her emaciated arms to clasp with one more fond embrace the little invalid, and imprinted her dying kiss upon her sweet cheek. I was then standing at the foot of the bed. I heard her say, ‘Sister B.!’ I hastened to receive the message of my much-loved friend. She said to me, ‘I want you should help take care of my children when I am gone.’ I told her that any services I could possibly render should be freely bestowed.

She said, 'Well, I know you will do all you can.' I then whispered in her ear, 'Is the Saviour precious?' She replied, 'Yes—I am happy—I am going to heaven.' She kissed me, and bade me, 'Farewell.' She asked for Ada, Mr. C.'s sister, and requested her to be kind to the children, and take good care of them. She mentioned little Parry, her eldest son, on whom her affections seemed for a moment to linger, but she gave them all up to the Lord with the utmost calmness and composure. O who would not linger around such a death-bed scene! I felt that it was indeed a privilege—although the sympathies of my nature are such that I can but weep with those that weep; yet I shall ever recall those three last days and nights spent with your dear dying sister with melancholy satisfaction.

"She has gone and left us. We all mourn the loss of such a worthy member of society, but on her husband falls the blow most severely. He must heave a double sigh, and shed a double tear: left, as it were, alone with his orphan charge, his is a loss which cannot be repaired: nothing but the everlasting consolations of grace can sustain him. He is tenderly and painfully impressed with the loneliness of his situation,

yet he has every consolation which the sad nature of the case admits. Her happy and peaceful death assures us, without the shadow of a doubt, that she is now for ever at rest.

“I was requested to walk with the mourners to the grave, and I was happy in the privilege of manifesting this last tribute of respect to her memory; and when I saw her remains laid in their final resting-place, such a halo of glory seemed to encircle it, that my sorrows were dispelled, and I almost wished to rest beside her. The graveyard is on a beautiful little eminence, a short distance from the college; whither I shall hereafter love to resort.

“I went home with the family, and stayed all night, and felt that sister C., ‘though dead, yet speaketh.’ Her husband found a priceless treasure in her diary, a part of which he read to me in the evening. The spirit which breathes in every sentence is abundant proof of the holiness of her life. It will, I hope, be published.

“I must now conclude, having already extended my remarks to a length requiring an apology. Please favor me with a reply, and accept this as a token of my warmest sympathies in behalf of yourself and venerable father.

“R. H. B.”

“EMERALD MOUND, March 12, 1852.

“MY VERY DEAR SISTER WENTWORTH:—I know not whether I am addressing the dead or the living; but, if you are still lingering on the shores of time, I would gladly write you a few lines of condolence in your late and deep affliction. Nature must feel when *near* and *dear* friends are torn from our fond embrace, but grace triumphs and binds up the bleeding heart. We have more reason in *this* case to mourn for the living than the dead. While sister Cummings is safely landed on the blest shores of immortality, and waiting ready to hail you welcome, her bereaved husband and orphan children are left desolate and sorrowful.

“My dear sister Wentworth, how I wish I could hasten to your sick-bed and tell you how dying grace sustained your beloved sister in the last conflict. But your afflicted brother has doubtless given you all the particulars of this mournful event. Therefore I need not repeat all that came under my own observation, in the last three days and nights of her life.

“From such a life as hers we should expect a peaceful death: our expectations were *more* than realized. You will recollect I entertained fears of her not remaining with us long in my letter

some few weeks ago, and yet I hoped with trembling. I visited her as often as I could, and found her always cheerful and happy, entertaining no fears of danger. Last week, on Monday, I went in and spent the most of the day. I found her very feeble, but cheerful. I returned home sad and melancholy. The livid pallor on her cheek was a convincing proof to me that she was fast hurrying to the tomb; which I more than intimated to her anxious husband. I promised her on parting that I would soon come in and spend a week with her; (which I designed to have done this week had she been spared.)

“I did not hear from her again until Thursday, four o’clock, P. M., when I heard that she was worse. I hastened immediately in, feeling that it was my last opportunity. I stayed with her until Sabbath night: being quite indisposed, I then went home for rest. I believe she talked no more after I left, as her spasms again returned, and continued at intervals until she took her flight from earth to heaven. Her labors on earth are ended, and although not amid the raptures of a triumphant departure, yet, what is more desirable, calm as the setting sun in a clear summer’s day. She could not, until the last, believe that she should die at that time, but when she found that

there was no hope of her recovery, she took her leave of her beloved husband and her sweet babes, without manifesting the least excitement or regret.

“My dear friend, you know that I loved you both. I was always happy in your society. Sister Cummings said to me once, ‘I wish you were my mother.’ I told her that I should feel honored with such a daughter, but she was never aware of the depth of my attachment to her. I need not say more: I might subject myself to a suspicion of flattery. She was possessed of ‘a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.’

“If I can ever do any favor to her children, I shall with the greatest pleasure comply with her request. One evening, as I was sitting by her bed alone, I intimated to her that I was afraid that she would never recover, and I hoped that she was prepared for any event. She replied, ‘Yes, but I do not think my time is yet come to die, for I think I shall have some different views and feelings.’ She did not think that there was the least cause of alarm: the physicians talked favorably. I told her that I had no wish to discourage her, but I was afraid that her time with us was short, and if she had any thing to do she

had better not defer it. I told her I did not doubt that she was wholly prepared for the change. She asked me to pray with her. I did so. After which she said, 'Well, sister B., we have often prayed together, and I love you: if I am taken away, I want you should see to my children.' I asked her what I could do to benefit them: said she, 'By your prayers and counsels.' I told her to leave her little ones in the hands of God: he had promised to take care of them. She replied that she knew it, and that she did not fear—said that she had no condemnation, but a calm and steady peace. I suppose that her smitten husband has given you a description of the death-bed scene, on Sunday evening. Every heart was moved to sympathy, and every eye (save the dying one) was suffused with tears, while her heart-broken companion was taking his farewell, and, upon his knees, in broken accents, resigned the precious treasure which he felt was his no more. . . .

"Just before I left her on Sabbath evening, she called me to her bed, and asked me again to help take care of her children. I told her I would do all I could. She replied, 'I know you will.' She then kissed me and bid me farewell.

"I attended the funeral on Tuesday, and walked with the mourners to the grave, quite in accord-

ance with my own feelings, for I felt that I had, indeed, lost a *near* and *dear* sister and friend.

“The grave did not look cheerless, but like a sweet resting-place to that dear emaciated frame. A very large concourse followed the remains to the grave, and I felt that Christ was there with his sensible presence, as the beautiful coffin was lowered to its long resting-place. I went back to the house and stayed all night with the family, and heard some of her diary read.

“My dear sister, I must now close. My best wishes, prayers, and sympathies accompany this imperfect scrawl. May Heaven sustain you in your sickness, and give you dying grace, is the prayer of your friend,

R. H. B.”

“LEBANON, March 17, 1852.

“DEAR SISTER WENTWORTH:—I am aware of the delicate position in which I place myself, in addressing a superior in age, for the first time; especially in attempting to address a letter of condolence to you, when the same stroke of Providence that afflicts you rests so heavily upon me. It is most certainly a great disappointment and grief to me to be deprived thus early of the society of one whom I had learned, during a short acquaintance, to love so dearly and prize so highly.

“During a season of sickness and death which occurred in our own family immediately after our arrival in Lebanon, ‘strangers in a strange land,’ the attentions of dear sister Cummings were more than those of a sister; and though she was in very delicate health at that time, she manifested her wonted self-sacrificing spirit by proposing to watch over the sick and dying one, against which I of course remonstrated. Her kindness and Christian sympathy during the afflicting circumstance of burying our only son very much endeared her to us. I shall never call to mind that trying period without heartfelt gratitude to God for furnishing us such friends as sister Cummings and her husband, and the other families of the faculty. I could but feel that we were as one family; and now, as sister Cummings has gone, a very strong link is missing from the chain.

“When she was called upon to suffer, it was my privilege to be with her much of the time, and I am fully persuaded that nothing but the subduing influence of the grace of God could make one so patient, so quiet, and meek, and so confident that all would end well, as sister Cummings was during so long a period of bodily weakness and decline. She manifested during her illness a lively interest in the spiritual welfare

of the church, and especially in the members of her own class. I belonged to the same class with her, and recollect once to have gone directly from the class to her house. She inquired after the prosperity of the members, and notwithstanding the languor of body under which she labored, she rejoiced to learn that they were moving on zealously.

“And then such a death! I can but stop here and lift up my heart to God in prayer, that you and I, my sister, may find the same soft pillow upon the bosom of the Saviour for our dying heads. She manifested no ecstasy of joy, but, what is far better, her countenance shone as with light directly from heaven, whilst she talked with an unclouded mental vision of her perfect safety in resigning her spirit into the hands of God, and of the peace she found in believing, and of the delightful prospect before her when sickness and sorrow should end. She gave up her little ones with the fullest confidence that He who noticeth even the falling of a sparrow to the ground, would care for them as he had cared for her, and she took leave of her husband as for a season only, expecting him soon to join her in the sweet fields of Paradise. Many tearful eyes gazed upon the dying Christian, and many hearts sighed for as peaceful an entrance into the other world as hers.

“I cannot fail to mention here, for your consolation, the unwearied exertions of the husband of our lamented sister for her comfort during her illness. Day after day I witnessed his unceasing affection for and untiring attention to his dying wife. No word of impatience in consequence of the fatigue he certainly experienced ever escaped his lips, but, relinquishing all his other duties, he vigilantly noted every symptom with the solicitude of a mother watching her child. He hoped when all others had given up hope; and even the Sabbath noon previous to her death, I heard him wondering if any one ever recovered after getting so low as she was. This, however, was spoken in a tone indicating more of despair than hope. After the first spasm, which occurred that day between two and three o’clock, all hope fled, and he was left with a crushed heart. And now, since God doeth all things well, he can only take to himself the consolation that, though she cannot come to him again, he may go to her.

“Sister Cummings has many mourners in Lebanon. All who were sufficiently acquainted with her to appreciate her merit set a high value upon her, as a friend and sister. . . .

“MARY A. MASON.”

CONCLUSION.

OUR mournfully pleasant task is done, in the best manner that our varied employments and excessive cares permitted.

We have traced the subject of this memoir as far as we could follow her. We have seen her struggling in the arms of man's great, last enemy, who prevailed over her. Her lovely remains are deposited in the beautiful cemetery of McKendree College, on the same lot with nine other representatives of as many different ministers' families. A plain marble column, with a simple inscription containing only her name and age, marks her last resting-place. There she will sleep until the resurrection of the just. She fell in the midst of her days, and at the time when she was, in human estimation, most needed, and best calculated to do good and be a blessing to the world. We might inquire, Why? But echo would only answer, Why?

“Great God! it seems a mystery
That thou shouldst spare the aged tree,
Until its gray and sapless trunk
Trembles and totters as if drunk

With age, crushing the tender shoot,
Ere it had scarcely taken root.
Say, Death ! Didst *mean* this victory ?
Flew not the shaft unwarily ?
In mournful loveliness she slumbers,
 Where the forest flow'rets wave :
Trees are sounding dirge-like numbers
 O'er her calm and peaceful grave.
'Tis a hallowed spot and fitting
 To entomb the young, the fair,
Where the bright wild-birds are flitting,
 Sprinkling incense on the air."

Mrs. Cummings was a woman of great firmness of purpose, of strong intellectual faculties, of a generous heart, of unwavering devotion to her friends, to her God, and to human good. Her benevolence was only limited by her means. Ambition prompted her but in one direction, that was to do all the good possible. She was a woman of few words, and words well chosen. Who ever heard her use an unmeaning or a trifling word ? She was habitually pleasant. Her face was almost always lit up with a smile, and her smiles covered her whole face. Yet she was habitually serious and devout. Those who knew her best, loved her most. Three different persons who knew her intimately have said to the writer since her death, "I never heard her speak an improper word or do an improper thing."

She was, however, but mortal : she was a fallen,

and consequently a sinful, frail being. Grace had restored her to as great perfection as, perhaps, can well be attained in this life. As a student, a wife, a mother, a neighbor, a church-member, the writer had watched her with constant scrutiny for some dozen years. He feels bound to say that, in all these relations, she conducted herself with the greatest circumspection. That she had faults he presumes, and she deeply felt, but they were only such as are inseparable from human nature in this world of weakness and sin. In her he finds a model of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Reader, her life, her example, her peaceful death, are before you. In the light of these no doubt you say with the writer, "Let me *live* the life of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

T H E E N D.

